

The AMERICAN GIRL

June
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by MARJORIE VETTER

Love Me, Love Me Not. By PHYLLIS A. WHITNEY. Houghton, Mifflin Company, \$2.75. To Chicago from small Midwestern Dunesville came Susan Morris, neither exceptionally pretty nor especially talented, just average girl, even as you or I. With no special bent and no desire for a career, Susan was looking for a job to occupy her until she found a husband and could settle down happily to homemaking. But what is this thing called love and how does a girl find the right man? Susan shared an apartment with Carol (spoiled and discontented in spite of her wealth and beauty) who could give pertinent advice about men; and with schoolteacher Nan (wrapped up in her career) who felt herself qualified to run her own life and the life of anyone with whom she came in contact, including that of her fiancé, reporter Andy Hortland. Susy Dunesville, as Andy called her, had a lot to learn about men, about what she wanted from a job, from life, from herself, from love. In short, Susan had to grow up, as all girls should, and sometimes never do. You will recognize her uncertainties and should profit from her experiences. Miss Whitney is the author of eight deservedly popular novels. This last one is honest, thoughtful, sincere, and understanding.

Presenting Miss Jane Austen. By MAY LAMBERTON BECKER. Dodd, Mead and Company, \$3.00. Perhaps you read Jane Austen's "Pride and Prejudice" as a dreaded school assignment, a classic you expected to be deadly dull and found to your delighted surprise highly entertaining. Now you would like to know something about the author, "dear, delightful Jane." The famous and beloved May Lamberton Becker—author, editor, lecturer, one-time editor of "St. Nicholas", and for years editor of the "Books for Young People" page and famous "Reader's Guide" of "The New York Herald Tribune"—writes out of her broad understanding of what readers want and a lifetime of love for Jane Austen. Jane was born the year before our Declaration of Independence was signed, but her six novels are still enjoyed by people all over the world. Jane and her adored sister Cassandra and their six brothers had a happy life in Steventon, where their father was the rector. After a brief period at boarding school for the girls, they returned to finish their education at home. Jane enjoyed parties and balls, took a great interest in dress and in the society of the age of elegance in which she lived. She acted as prompter for gay family theatricals and then began to write and rewrite her own novels. Here is Jane and life as she saw it and recorded it in innumerable letters and six novels, for Mrs. Becker weaves the Austen books into Jane's biography, showing how they grew out of her life. You will enjoy this warm, understanding biography.

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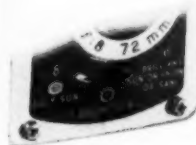
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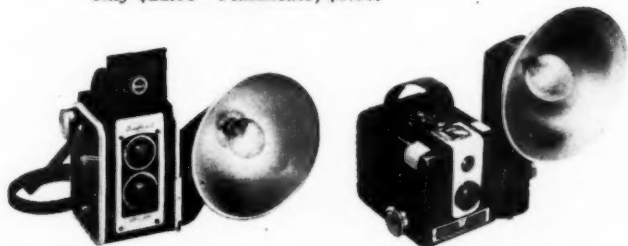


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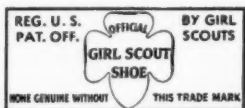
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The AMERICAN GIRL

FOR ALL GIRLS—PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY GIRL SCOUTS OF THE U.S.A.

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Helen Ryan, our June cover girl, and Sandy the Sea Horse, prefer summer to any other season of the year, and agree that swimming is their favorite sport. Helen wears a one-piece denim suit by Catalina. The back is completely elasticized and the front is shirred. A shiny pearl button trims the boy-cuffed leg. Novel bandanna pocket is removable, and the bra has cuffs of the same fabric. The suit is topped with a loose-fitting cover-up jacket. Bandanna trim is repeated on the shirt collar, and on the cuffs of the big patch pockets. Bathing suit about \$10; jacket, about \$7. Sizes 32-38 in faded blue with red trim, and blue jean with blue. Available at the stores listed on page 48. Straw hat by Pan American Shop. Lipstick and nail polish by Cutex. Sea Horse from Doughboy Industries.

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NUMBER 6



THE AMERICAN GIRL



how to be an ANGEL CHILD!

It doesn't take miracles to make others like you. Just be the girl with a bright mind behind a happy face—and keep your grooming sky-high in smoothness!

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THE *Human-Interest* ANGLE

by ELIZABETH LANSING

Even Kay Allen was caught unprepared for this adventure in social relations

THE AMERICAN GIRL

Ronnie clutched Kay's arm and screamed, "Let's get out of here!"

W E'VE GOT to do something about it, that's all!" Kay Allen, her blue eyes bright with purpose and her cheeks flushed, shut the door of the Crestwood Hospital behind her with a crisp bang. Then she turned and looked hard at her friend, Ronnie Bennett.

Ronnie gave a little jump and tried to pretend she knew what Kay meant.

"Yes, indeed," she agreed quickly. Easy-going Ronnie was often several paces behind Kay both in thought and action. Now, as she followed Kay down the hospital steps, she wondered what particular bee her friend had in her bonnet. From long experience Ronnie knew that anything was likely to happen when Kay wanted to "do something about it."

It was energetic Kay who had persuaded the hospital authorities to let the two girls work in the children's convalescent ward as aides. Kay's father, Dr. Allen, head of the hospital, had put in a good word for the girls, when he realized they really wanted to help. They had been faithful to their young charges, coming once a week to assist the nurse in amusing the children. That they were successful was amply proved by the chorus of shouts that greeted them when they arrived for their afternoon of duty.

Now Kay pushed her dark curls back from her forehead and said, "You know what I mean, of course!"

Ronnie thought over the events of the afternoon. Everything had been as usual so far as she could recall.

"Yes, yes, indeed," she repeated uncertainly.

"It's a shame," said Kay fiercely. "I know the children's families try to visit them as often as possible, but they are homesick just the same. Did you hear what little Johnny Makepeace said to me? He wished he could see the hayfield. He lives outside of town on a farm, and I suppose his father is haying now. I wish I could do something about it."

Ronnie drew a small breath of relief. There didn't seem to be much they could do about the children's homesickness. But now that she thought about it, she remembered several remarks from other children that were as pathetic as Johnny's longing to see the hayfield.

"I know," she said. "They like to talk about home. Stella Nelson told me about her house this afternoon. She said if she had a picture of it she could—"

Kay clutched Ronnie's arm, cutting her off short. "Ronnie, you've got it! It's a perfect idea!"

Ronnie's smooth cheeks turned a deeper shade of pink. It wasn't often that Kay credited her with a "perfect idea." Even if she didn't know what her idea was, it was nice to be complimented on it.

"We'll take pictures," said Kay hurriedly. "Father will let us use his camera, I know. We can paste the pictures in an album and make a wonderful book for the children to pass around the ward. We'll start tomorrow."

She waved good-bye to Ronnie at her street corner without waiting to hear any possible objections Ronnie might make to the plan.

Kay announced the scheme at the family dinner table that evening. It met with a mixed reaction. Dr. Allen, who knew the restless loneliness of the bedridden, was enthusiastic. Mrs. Allen wondered if it were advisable for the two girls to go about the city alone.

"You'll have to go to all kinds of places," she demurred. "You know there have been several housebreaking incidents around town in the past week."

"Mercy," protested Kay energetically, "someone's just as likely to housebreak on our street as anywhere else in town. Ronnie and I will only be out in broad daylight anyway."

Mrs. Allen looked at her husband, who nodded encouragingly.

"I think the girls will be all right," he said.

Kay jumped up from the table and hugged her father. Then with a hasty "Excuse me, please," she raced for the telephone.

"It's okay," she told Ronnie. "I'll get the films and we can start out after school tomorrow. Be sure to keep it a secret. We want to surprise the children. I'll get their addresses from the hospital."

Before going to bed that evening Kay found time to read an article on photography. She had not used a camera a great deal and knew she needed all the help she could get.

"You want to get people in action in

your pictures as much as possible," she told Ronnie, when the girls met after school the next day. "The human-interest angle, you know. It makes a picture more interesting."

Ronnie, reading the list of addresses Kay had given her, nodded absently. "It's a long list," she said with a sigh, "and scattered all over town, too. Did you get the films?"

Kay flourished the camera under Ronnie's nose. "All set. Now, where will we go first? Tim Wheeler lives on Medway Street. That's near, so let's start there."

It had never occurred to Kay that the children's parents might not be as enthusiastic as she about the picture-taking project. Therefore Mrs. Wheeler's reception came as something of a shock. The Wheelers lived in a section of town where the houses huddled uncomfortably close together. Most of them were in need of paint—the Wheeler house in particular. Kay and Ronnie climbed the rickety steps to the porch and picked their way over its broken boards.

Mrs. Wheeler answered their ring with two small children clinging to her skirts. She frowned when she saw the camera.

"What's that for?" she asked suspiciously.

Kay told their errand in a few hurried words. Mrs. Wheeler's frown deepened. "Tim isn't likely to want a picture of this," she said, waving at the porch. "He broke his collarbone falling on those steps."

She was so forbidding that Kay began to wonder if their plan would work out after all. But she hated to admit defeat so soon.

"How about the back yard?" she asked. "The yard with the children playing in it ought to make a good picture." She smiled at the big-eyed youngsters peering at her from the shelter of their mother's skirt.

Mrs. Wheeler shrugged her shoulders and, trailed by the children, led the way around the house to the yard. To Kay's amazement the small yard was as neat as the porch was untidy. Flowers grew profusely along the fence, and the grass was trimly cut.

"I always did fancy a garden," said Mrs. Wheeler when Kay exclaimed with delight. "Tim likes it, too."

Kay snapped a picture of the children and even persuaded Mrs. Wheeler to pose by a bed of delphinium. By the time she had finished, Mrs. Wheeler was so softened by the girls' admiration of her garden that she called out in farewell, "Tell Tim I'm coming to see him next visiting day."

"People are amazing," said Kay, when they had left Medway Street behind them. "That garden and that porch!"

"The human-interest angle," Ronnie commented with a giggle.

"Well, I got it in both those pictures," Kay argued stoutly. "Now where? Only time for one more today."

"How about Helen Estes?" suggested Ronnie, peering at Kay's list. "She lives near here."

Fortunately Mrs. Estes was immediately in favor of the idea and helped Kay plan a shot of her neat little house with herself on the steps. A group of Helen's playmates on the sidewalk provided the second picture.

"Well, that was easy," Kay said as they left. "I hope the others are more like Mrs. Estes."

But Kay was not destined to have this fervent hope fulfilled. In the next few days the girls found three families who liked having their pictures taken and several others who objected for a variety of reasons. One mother was sure Kay had mysterious plans of her own for wanting the picture and flatly refused. Kay had to resort to a shot of the street and one of the nearby schoolyard to find something familiar for that child.

"How many more?" Ronnie asked, with a weary sigh. Taking pictures was a longer process than she had supposed.

Kay looked at her list. "We've done seven. Five more to go in four days. I had hoped we'd be finished by tomorrow, when we go to the hospital again. But we'll be all set for next week."

By the middle of the following week only the Makepeaces on the farm and Baretts on Russell Street remained unphotographed. Kay suggested they go to the Makepeace farm first.

"It's a beautiful day and it's a shame to waste it in town," she said, when the girls met after school. "We can get a bus to Field's Corner and the farm's not far from there."

The bus took them out to the open country where the sun lay warm and golden on the fields. The farmhouse was a comfortable, rambling building, and the girls felt sure of their welcome even before they met Mrs. Makepeace. She did



not disappoint them. The moment Kay told her their errand she was making plans for possible pictures.

"Johnny loves everything on the farm," she said. "There's the barn, the garden, the barnyard, and pasture."

Kay saw a mother cat with several kittens playing on the doorstep and persuaded Mrs. Makepeace to pose with the new family by the back door.

"Johnny will want a picture of you, I know that," said Kay. "Now, what? Oh, I know, the hayfield!"

And she told how Johnny had longed to see the haying.

"The men are working the ten-acre lot now," Mrs. Makepeace told them, as she led the way to a gate beyond the barn. "My husband hires help this time of year." She (Continued on page 44)

"Something's wrong here," Tony said, pointing to the picture of his mother's fruit stand

Illustrated by Sylvia Haggander



THE WIND BLOWS FREE

by LOULA GRACE ERDMAN



They all stopped singing in startled amazement

THE STORY SO FAR

The wind seemed always to blow, wild and free, across the vast, flat, treeless stretches of the Texas Panhandle. It seemed at once to frighten and to beckon to Melinda Pierce who hadn't wanted to leave her home, her friends, all she held dear in Lewisville, East Texas, to live in a cramped sod house twenty miles from the nearest neighbor in the Panhandle district of West Texas. She was sustained only by the promise that she could go back to Lewisville in a year and a half, when she would be sixteen, to attend the Academy with her friends. Papa, who had gone on ahead, had already grown to love the place. The Pierce twins, Richard and Robert, hoped to see cowboys and Indians. Katie, the second daughter, accepted the move quietly. Carolyn, the baby, who wandered away and was lost on the day of their arrival, was too young to care. Mama, who had insisted on bringing their books and organ, set to work to make a home out of the sod house. The first night Melinda dreamed of home in East Texas and of the boy, Dennis Kennedy, who had helped her find Carolyn.

PART TWO

IT WAS THE FIRST of April. In the months since the Pierce family had come to the Panhandle they had accomplished a great deal in establishing themselves as comfortably as possible on the claim. They had planted a garden, with Mama holding out for sensible things like beans and squash, and the boys begging for melons.

"Can't we plant flowers beside the dugout door?" Melinda pleaded, and Katie joined her. Already there was one plant, a strange one, at the side of the dugout—a tall greenish shaft with sword-like leaves and a slim center stalk. Papa said the plant was yucca, or beargrass, and would bloom in June.

Papa and the boys planted twenty-five

acres of maize, and the family hung over it, as if by watching they could make it grow. The field was enclosed with wire, nailed to posts. Papa had brought the posts from a place called the "breaks" where, he said, there was a little stream in a canyon with wooded sides.

Mama and the girls worked hard getting the house in order. The rag carpet was stretched over the dirt floor; there were curtains at the windows; and also one which Mama could draw at will to divide the dugout into two rooms. The last thing she had unpacked was the books. As she took them out of their box she handed them to Melinda, who stood on a chair and placed them on the ledge which ran all around the dugout, where its wooden top rested upon the earth, and made a fine place to store things.

As Melinda put the last book in place, Mama said, "Well, children, tomorrow we start lessons."

"Oh, Mama," the twins protested quickly.

"Papa said we had to haul water tomorrow," Dick reminded her, with an air that indicated how important hauling water was.

Papa and the boys drove seven miles to one of the ranch windmills for water. They brought it home in barrels, some for the stock, some for household use.

"Borrowing water!" Mama had exclaimed. "I never heard of such a thing."

Melinda knew how Mama hated to take a favor from someone when she had no way of returning it. When you did that, you felt a little less independent. People liked to pay for what they got.

"The ranch people don't mind," Papa said. "They have deep wells that never go dry, and with the wind blowing the way it does out here, there's no lack of power to get the water up. But all the same,

the first extra money I can lay my hands on is going for a well and a windmill. In the meanwhile, we'll just have to do the best we can and get our water from the ranch windmill."

He didn't like to do it either, Melinda knew, but there were times when people had to take things from one another. In a way, everyone needed everyone else, just as a family did. It was funny about the Panhandle country. There was something in the flat levelness of it—something in the clear, crisp air—that made a person feel both big and important, and little and helpless, at the same time. It made you feel there was nothing you couldn't do if you worked hard enough; yet it forced you to ask your neighbor for water.

And there was always the wind. It blew almost constantly, making all sorts of different noises—sad ones, angry ones, lonesome ones. It blew the clothes off the line if Mama didn't anchor them tightly. It whipped your dresses about you. It made your skin feel dry. But without it you couldn't pump water.

The boys loved going for water. They often saw their cowboy friends Nick and Herman and were permitted to ride their horses. So now, when it looked as if lessons were going to interfere with water hauling, the boys were very unhappy.

"You can haul water in the morning," Mama said with finality. "After dinner we start lessons."

And start they did. Dick, on a bench by the table, looked at the arithmetic book and groaned. Bert, beside him, and Katie, in a chair at the end of the table, spread out their books and slates.

"Melinda," Mama said, "you sit over by the stove and churn while we do lessons. No use wasting time."

She poured the cream into the tall churn and Melinda sat down before it.



Then Mama seated herself in a low chair and began to mend socks.

"Open your geography, children," she said, in a voice as businesslike as if she were really in a schoolroom.

"Where?" Dick asked.

"To—" Mama hesitated, "to the New England States. Bert, bound New Hampshire. Study the map for a few minutes and then tell me."

Bert got through that one, but not without a struggle. Melinda pushed the dasher up and down, the cream got thicker and thicker, and the lessons went on and on. Presently there was a watery, squishing sound, and bits of golden froth gathered around the top of the churn.

"The butter's come," Melinda said. "Shall I take it up?"

"No, I'll attend to it in a little while," Mama replied. "Get your slate and start doing your sums."

Melinda was just finishing when Papa came in. "How did lessons go?" he asked. "We're only getting started," Mama said. "We'll do a lot better as we go along."

The next morning at breakfast the twins were in a gay mood. "When do we start for water, Papa?" Dick asked.

"I have a few things to do first," he told them. "We'll probably go after dinner."

"Well, then, you boys don't go a step," Mama said firmly. "You're going to have lessons again this afternoon."

"You aren't going to make us have lessons on Saturday, are you?" Bert protested, outraged.

Mama looked at the boys with a kind

of unbelieving horror on her face. "This isn't—" She caught herself, then looked at the calendar. "It can't be Saturday!" But her voice was uncertain as her eyes sought Papa's.

His eyes twinkled. "Yes, Katherine. I'm afraid the boys are right. No school on Saturday."

"I didn't have a notion what day of the week it was," Mama said weakly. "For all I would have known, I'd have gone right on working through tomorrow, through Sunday!"

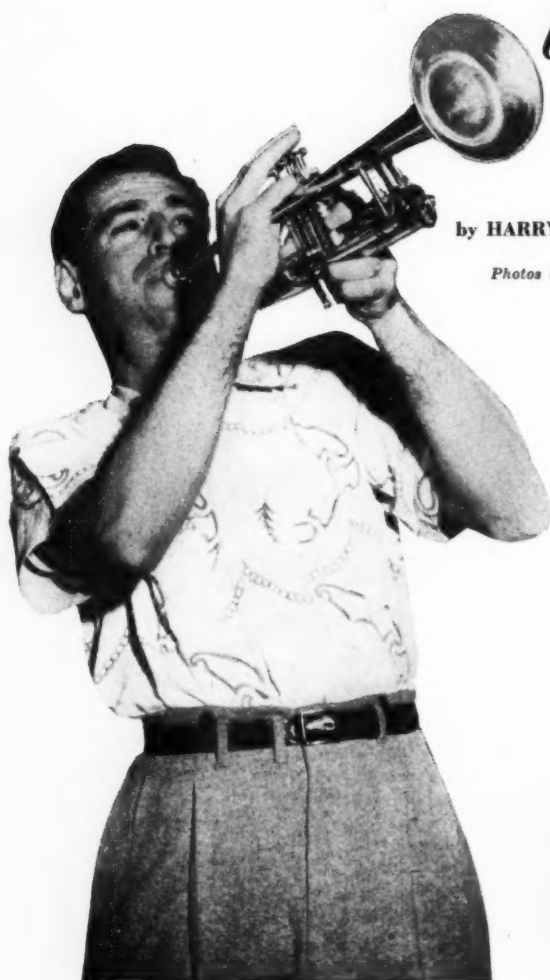
Up until now, Sunday observance in their new home had consisted of a day of rest, with Papa reading a Bible story during the long afternoon and following it by a prayer. But now, in her fright at almost working right through Sunday, Mama decided on a different plan.

"I'm not going to let you children grow up like heathen," she declared. "We're going to have Sunday school, right here in this house."

So all that Saturday was spent in getting ready for Sunday. While Papa and the boys went for water, Mama and the girls cooked red beans and made fried pies. Melinda cut out the dough and handed it to Mama, who spread stewed dried apples on half of it, flipped the other half over the apples, and then crimped around the edges with a fork. As fast as she finished them, she dropped them into a pan of hot grease, while Katie poked chips into the stove to keep the fire going.

And that night Mama heated water and made them all take baths.

The next (Continued on page 35)



CAPTIVATING

by HARRY WALTON HOCHMAN

Photos by Capitol Records, Inc.



THERE'S A BIG BAND in the land, playing the music you like to hear—melody that starts your heart asinging, syncopation that just naturally sets your toes atapping. You hear, and ask for more of this captivating rhythm played by Ray Anthony and his band!

Today Ray and his band are riding the crest of the popularity wave. But what brought him to the top of his profession? Was it uncanny talent? Knowing the right people at the right time? Pure Hollywood luck, or just plain hard work? In short, what makes Ray's music the current rave? Perhaps a look behind the scenes will answer these questions.

Ray was playing the trumpet at the age of five. By the time he was seventeen he was playing with several of the smaller dance bands in the Cleveland area. It wasn't long before the fabulous Glenn Miller found Ray and made him one of the stars of his organization. So Ray, first of all, made his mark as a musician.


Ray's career as a band leader really began during the second World War when he formed a terrific band built

around brass instruments while in the Navy. Because this band was such a success with fellow servicemen, Ray decided to keep the same group after his discharge and try for national fame.

To be good is one thing, but to get the public to know you are good is another. Ray reasoned that a barnstorming tour of the Middle West doing one-nighters would be the quickest way to get his band in the limelight. If, by playing for the average listener in average-size towns he could attract people's interest, they would buy his records and start him toward the top. Ray's reasoning was sound. The barnstorming tour was a success, and Ray was on his way to national recognition. Even now, Ray, like many other band leaders, does one-nighters.

"They're rough, and we hate to do them," Ray says, "but it's the best way to make it big."

Let's go on an imaginary barnstorming

 Ray Anthony discusses an arrangement for a recording. Making records requires teamwork, patience

tour with Ray Anthony and see how this phase of the band business works.

The first thing needed for going on tour is an itinerary. In Ray's case this is planned by General Artists' Corporation—usually referred to as G.A.C. This organization is the booking agent for Anthony and many other artists in the entertainment field. A booking agent can be compared to a salesman who comes to the corner grocery store and sells the proprietor canned goods. G.A.C. will "sell" (make the arrangements for a performance) any kind of talent to anyone from private parties up to huge Broadway productions. The performer contracts with the organization for this service and pays ten percent of his earnings to it as a commission. The booking agent maps out a route in a certain section of

Who plays it? Ray Anthony and his band. Here is how Ray became Melody Man to millions.

RHYTHM



At rehearsal, the trombone section shown here gets some tips on improving a passage from Ray

the country for the band to follow.

Ray Anthony, like many other band leaders, hires a bus for the trip (rather than going by train) because by bus the band can travel on its own schedule—in the middle of the night, at dawn, whenever convenient. Ray pays for the transportation, but the boys in the band pay for all their personal expenses such as food, hotel room, laundry.

Naturally, arrangements for hotel rooms and the performance hall must be made in advance. This is handled by Fred Benson, Ray's personal and business manager, who travels ahead of the band and prepares the ground. Besides taking care of accommodations and business arrangements, Fred also handles publicity. He arranges with disc jockeys to play Ray's records and for autographing sessions in music stores. (Like every celebrity, Ray signs tons of autographs. His resemblance to Cary Grant has given rise to this autographing story which may or may not be true: Once when Cary Grant was in a big Hollywood record store a woman rushed up to him with an autograph book and said, "Please, Mr.

in the individual style of music played by his band. The difference in style between bands is just as great as the difference in style between a sport dress and a party dress. So when Ray's arranger has made an arrangement of a tune it is "put in the books" or "put in the library."

How does Ray choose a tune for his library? Well, in several ways. A song plugger from a music publisher might call on Ray and say, "I've got a hot new number. How about playing it?" If Ray likes it, he passes it on to his arranger. Sometimes a song is scheduled to be featured in a motion picture. Since this is one of the best showcases for a tune, Ray knows there will probably be a big demand for it. He will therefore add this song to his library. Sometimes he just happens to like a currently popular tune and will want it in his book.

Now that a song has been chosen, the arranger goes to work. He makes up one manuscript which is composed of all the parts to be played by every instrument. All the musical tricks that give Ray's music individuality of style are incorporated into this manuscript.



Ray and his saxophone section rolling out the famous Anthony rhythm at one of their club shows

Anthony, may I have your autograph?")

But before Ray can go on tour at all he must have what is called a "library," a band leader's collection of songs arranged

Then this manuscript is given to a copyist who makes up individual music sheets for each instrument. The trombone sheets will have only the trombone parts written down, the drum sheets the drum sections, and so on.

Since Ray demands and gets perfection from his band, the next step is a series of rehearsals until all the "bugs" are ironed out. If the band is "on location," which means playing in one place for a period of weeks, rehearsals take place once or twice a week—usually at whatever theater or restaurant they happen to be playing in at the time. Best rehearsal hours are from two to five in the morning, after the show is over, when there is no one around to bother the band as they work out their problems.

Ray demands perfection of appearance in his men as well as perfection in playing. (Once during a number I saw Ray motion to his singer to remove a tiny piece of paper that was sticking out of his pocket.) For all public performances Ray's group is impeccably dressed in chocolate-brown jackets, powder-blue shirts, and tan slacks.

But it takes more than road tours, exciting arrangements, and strict rehearsals to make a top-notch band. It also takes records—good, fast-selling records. And making records that sell requires uncanny teamwork and buckets of hard brow-work. When I questioned Ray about record-making, (Continued on page 30)

Johnny Stack

Aloof, debonair, Johnny was different from the other boys

They had a second breakfast
in a nearby drugstore



SALLY PEMBURGHER was not the only girl in Section Four whose classroom attention had declined when Johnny Stack entered Newton High School. Johnny was tall and fair-haired, with a slightly crooked nose and a warm, impish smile. It wasn't that he was handsomer than the other boys. There were several better-looking. But Johnny was *different*—you couldn't help being aware of him. Yet he kept aloof, mysterious. He would start to say something, then stop as though biting back a delicious secret. "A friend of mine was telling me," he would begin. Your attention would be riveted. And then he would murmur vaguely, "Well—never mind—" And he would drift off. It was maddening.

"He thinks we're infants," Jane Sorrell declared. Jane was Sally's best friend and, although she was not unaware of Johnny's attraction, she was able to be more casual about it. "He probably has his own crowd from the school he went to before he came to Newton. Probably much older." Jane grimaced at the mental image of those arrogant girls who must be at least seventeen. "He won't even bother with Bobby Canon, and she's lots more sophisticated than we are."

That was true. Sally had been astonished at Bobby's lack of success with Johnny. Bobby rarely failed where boys were concerned. With her fluffy hair and enormous blue eyes, she

was the prettiest girl in Section Four. Whenever Sally looked in the mirror and thought of Bobby, she groaned at her own reflection. Her hair was merely hair—brown; her eyes merely eyes—also brown. Nothing at all special, she was sure. As for Bobby's technique, it was infallible, except with Johnny Stack.

"I'm having a party Saturday night, Johnny," Bobby had cooed, leaning forward over his desk. "I'd love to have you." A number of girls had been shamelessly eavesdropping, among them Jane and Sally. They had waited breathlessly.

Johnny had gone on strapping his books. "I'm sorry, Bobby," he had answered. "I have another appointment." He had walked rapidly past her, out of the room.

"Well!" Bobby had flounced back to her own desk. Then she had noticed the little knot of interested observers and grinned. "I've been scorned! Mr. Johnny Stack certainly thinks he's a big cheese."

"So you see," Jane said to Sally, as they waited for the bus that would take them home, "he's even too sophisticated for Bobby. That certainly lets us out."

"I guess so," Sally agreed dispiritedly. It didn't matter. Even if Johnny did succumb to the charmers of Section Four, it wouldn't mean anything to her. Although she frequently made a part of the mixed groups in the lunchroom or on the

by ROSALYN GEBHART



Illustrated by Meg Wohlberg

school steps, although Jane loyally propelled her forward, she somehow always hung on the edge of the crowd. When she was alone with the girls who had known her for years she was all right. But when the boys made humorous remarks that led up to the special kind of fooling at which Bobby and her friends had become so adept, Sally was blushing and tongue-tied. She could never think of anything to say. In imagination her retorts were marvelously smooth, but no sooner was she confronted with a boy than her poise deserted her, her witticisms fled.

For this reason she usually stayed away from the Friday-afternoon gym dances. When Jane had coaxed her to attend one, she had seen how much fun it seemed to be for every one else. Bobby was always surrounded by a group of boys. Even the girls who didn't often have partners danced together and seemed to have a good time.

"I don't want to dance with a girl," Sally objected obstinately when Jane suggested it. But when Buddy Haver approached Sally shook her head. "No, thank you," she mumbled, "I don't dance well."

"That's all right," Buddy urged. "You'll never learn if you don't try."

"No, thanks," Sally repeated. "My head aches."

Buddy shrugged and turned to Jane, who hopped up and

glided away with him.

"I don't understand you," Jane scolded when she returned. "Buddy's right. You'll never learn if you won't try. What are you afraid of, anyway? Boys are only people. Maybe someday Johnny Stack'll show up at one of these dances, so you'd better get some practice."

"You don't understand," Sally said miserably. She jumped up. "I'm going home," she mumbled and fled.

It was impossible to explain the awful thing that yawned between herself and a boy. It was as though a chasm opened at her feet, a chasm full of wrong words, wrong silences, wrong dance steps. She was afraid she would fall in and be swept to smashing destruction—the destruction of being laughed at, talked about, looked at with the cruel, knowing air that means one is a flop. No, she couldn't risk it. She would rather not try. When you don't try, people never know whether you really are clever or not.

As the term drew to its close and there were meetings, ball games, and spring walks, Sally withdrew more and more.

"I'm so sorry," she gasped, when anyone happened to think of inviting her, "I'm busy."

"There's no use in asking Sally," Jane remarked bitterly one day when they were all congregated on the school steps to discuss the class boat ride. "She's so busy. She's just like Johnny Stack—all tied up!"

"Sh," warned Bobby in a whisper. "Here he is now!" For Johnny was coming down the steps just behind Jane. He didn't stop, only smiled and slouched on.

"He probably didn't hear," Bobby said. "Do come this time, Sally, you can't be that busy. It'll be so much fun." Sally shook her head and began to walk toward the bus.

Jane flew after her and seized her arm, forcing her to stop. "Sally Pemburgher!" Jane's eyes flashed angrily. "If you don't come on this boat ride, I'll—I'll never speak to you again!"

Sally stared at her. "I'm sorry, Jane. Then you'll have to stop speaking to me, because I'm not going to go!"

"You never used to be such a spoilsport!" Jane stormed. "Is it because you haven't a date? What difference does that make? Boys don't ask girls who don't mix, who are always staying out of things. Golly, the only way to be asked next time is to come this time."

Sally pulled her arm away. "That's not the reason," she said airily. "That doesn't bother me a bit."

Several times during the week she caught Johnny Stack glancing at her from his seat across the aisle. She thought she could guess what he was thinking, for when she turned he looked away quickly, an odd smile flashing over his face. Sally swallowed. Aren't you superior! she thought furiously. Proudly she lifted her head and smiled disdainfully when he glanced her way again. But her heart was aching.

"Have you changed your mind, Sally?" Jane was waiting at the bus stop. She squinted up at the sunny sky. "Gee, I hope it'll be nice tomorrow. Well, will you come?"

Sally shook her head. Then, because she could keep back the question no longer, she asked, trying to sound casual, "Whom did Johnny Stack invite?"

Jane scowled. "Oh, he makes me sick! Bobby asked him twice, but he's not coming. I guess boat rides are old hat to him. I wonder what he does with his spare time?"

Just then they saw Johnny walking down the street, but he moved out of sight around the corner when he saw them.

"I like that!" exclaimed Jane indignantly. "Afraid to be seen talking to such children, I suppose."

When she got home Sally put her books away and sat down to brood. The week end stretched dull and empty before her. On Saturday afternoons she and Jane had done things together—gone to the library or a movie or for a walk. It had been pleasant to be best friends. But lately Jane had been wanting to include others, asking, "Why don't we invite some of the boys and girls from school?"

"Well, she can't be blamed for wanting to go on the boat ride," mourned Sally, trying to be fair. She wished she were ill.

(Continued on page 33)



Growing Up

First Poetry Award

To grow up.
That is the hope,
The wait,
The all.
To grow up.
How dear;
How close.
The long wait
Is as an obstacle.
To be small,
That is a sin.
To wait;
To hope;
To grow up.
We cherish long
Our childhood memories:
The dear years,
The best years,
And yet
To grow up.
To wait,
To wish,
To cherish long
The dream.
Oh, to grow up.

NANCY BROWN (age 13) Troutman, North Carolina

The Difference

First Fiction Award

I knew that she was different the first time I laid eyes on her. She wore clothes very like my own, she spoke the same language, and yet I knew that she was different—that she wouldn't fit in. I saw her standing by the side of the school on the flower-lined sidewalk and I longed to run up to her, to put my arm

FIRST ART AWARD: MARIAN DAVIS
(age 17) Coshocton, Ohio



Here is your own department in the magazine. Watch for the announcements each month and send us your best original short stories, poems, nonfiction, photographs and drawings. See page 50 for details

around her and say, "I'll be your friend." Simply that—"I'll be your friend."

But I didn't. The next moment I was surrounded by friends, people who weren't different, laughing and talking together. Somehow I knew they wouldn't accept her. My friends weren't snobs or cliquy, but they were thoughtless. Breaking into that accepted group had been hard enough for me when I first came to Centerville—heaven knows.

So I forgot her. Perhaps twice I felt a pang of conscience as I saw her standing alone, looking longingly at me and my circle of friends. I would wonder desperately what Bob, Mary, Sue, and the rest would do if I ran over and took her by the hand and led her back—back into our little circle and introduced her to them. Perhaps they would like her—perhaps after they got to know her they would forget the difference. But I never did it.

Yesterday I saw her in the big department store in town. She was alone and she was looking at formal evening dresses. I remembered the announcement that morning at school: "The members of the Glee Club will wear formal evening dresses for the Easter Show." Surely she didn't belong to the Glee Club! But here she was picking out a dress to wear. No, she wasn't either. I saw her touch a bright red dress lovingly, then sigh and move on.

It was only then that I recalled what had happened that morning. Mary had protested to Miss Burbank, the music teacher.

"She'll look conspicuous with her dark skin among all of us," she had said. "We want this Easter show to be something we can be proud of."

Miss Burbank had chided Mary and given her a lecture about everybody being created equal. Instead of making Mary see her faults, it had made her feel self-righteous and she had refused to take part in the show. So had several of the other girls.

As I stood there in the store I longed to go to her, to tell her that I wasn't like the rest—that I would be her friend. I started toward her, then stopped and turned away. I had seen the tears on her cheeks.

DORIS JOWSEY (age 16) Alberni, B.C., Canada

Thinking

First Nonfiction Award

She was lying in the shade and I watched her. She arose, stretched, and walked a little ways toward the end of the hedge. I thought, she's really a very pretty cat. Her eyes were fixed on something which I could not see. Then she jumped gracefully over the hedge and was lost from view. I could catch glimpses of her for a short time moving behind the hedge, and I felt like a giant having no right to spy on her. Then she turned the corner, and since I was sitting in a chair, and

too lazy to get up, I did not bother to follow her.

I watched the leaves moving in the wind and I wondered idly why people said they swayed when, to me, they seemed to move in little jumps as the wind played with them.

I thought how wonderful it all was. The leaves had no worries, they just were, and the cat probably had no worries either. Then I thought about me, and how I was moving from this peaceful neighborhood. But somehow I felt good, even glad.

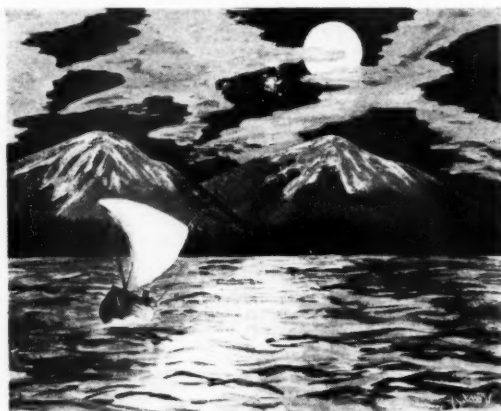
I got up slowly and moved the chair out of the sunlight, and as I entered the house, the cat came and rubbed herself against my leg as she walked in. I looked at her and shut the door.

ANITA CLAIRE JORDAN (age 13) Los Angeles, California

Good-by to Childhood

Fiction Award

I will always remember Crystal Cove as the place where I spent my childhood and the



FIRST ART AWARD: JEAN ADAMS: (age 17) Steep Falls, Maine

place where I left it.

Crystal Cove was a sandy stretch of land about four miles from our house. Every Sunday after church Mom and Dad and Pete and I would pile into the car and drive down to the tip of the cove, down to where the rock-studded land juts out into the sea like a huge arm, pushing back the rolling waves that lash their mighty tongues against the shore. We would spend all day there gathering shells, swimming, or just lying on the white sand, listening to the roar of the sea that was all around us.

That's how it was every Sunday—just Mom and Dad and Pete and me.

Then, on Friday nights, Peg, my best friend, would take her little sister and I would take Pete, and together we would walk down to the bay and sit on the damp wooden benches and watch the older kids dancing on the dock to the blaring music of the juke box. I remember how we used to sit there, indifferent as to whether we would ever be part of that happy, laughing group.

(Continued on page 48)

Life with a Siamese Cat

by ROSE TENENT

IF YOU THINK of pussy as aloof and independent and like her that way, then do not have a Siamese cat. But if you are quite prepared to have a pet who owns you—that is, who accompanies you on walks, sits up with you at meal-times, even gets into bed with you, then living with a Siamese cat can really be fun.

At a pet show some years ago a tiny blue-eyed kitten claimed my attention. Every time I turned to leave the cage, I was lured back by those bright blue eyes. Out came that dainty paw to tap my hand as if to say, "Look here, I like you. You must have me." Neither of us regretted our decision, and since that time I have never been without at least one Siamese cat.

You may have heard Siamese cats called "royal" cats. This is because they were bred exclusively at the royal palace at Bangkok for generations and guarded by the king himself. The members of the royal household believed that the cats were sacred and thought they enshrined the spirits of the dead. Therefore, when one of the royal princes was buried, a favorite cat was entombed with him. Then if the cat managed to escape through one of the small holes in the roof of the burying place, the priests would believe that the dead man's soul had passed into the cat's body.

These palace or temple cats were said to be dark-coated, with golden eyes, while the more common variety had blue eyes. There is an old superstition in Siam about both these cats which makes many people want to own both types. The belief is that a blue-eyed cat represents silver and a yellow-eyed cat stands for

gold. Therefore he who owns one of each will never want for anything.

Today all pure-bred Siamese cats have blue eyes and all have the same long, svelte bodies. The most usual type of this breed is known as seal-pointed, which means that the body color is cream, gradually shading into pale warm fawn on the back, while the points—which are mask, ears, legs, paws, and tail—are all a rich seal brown.

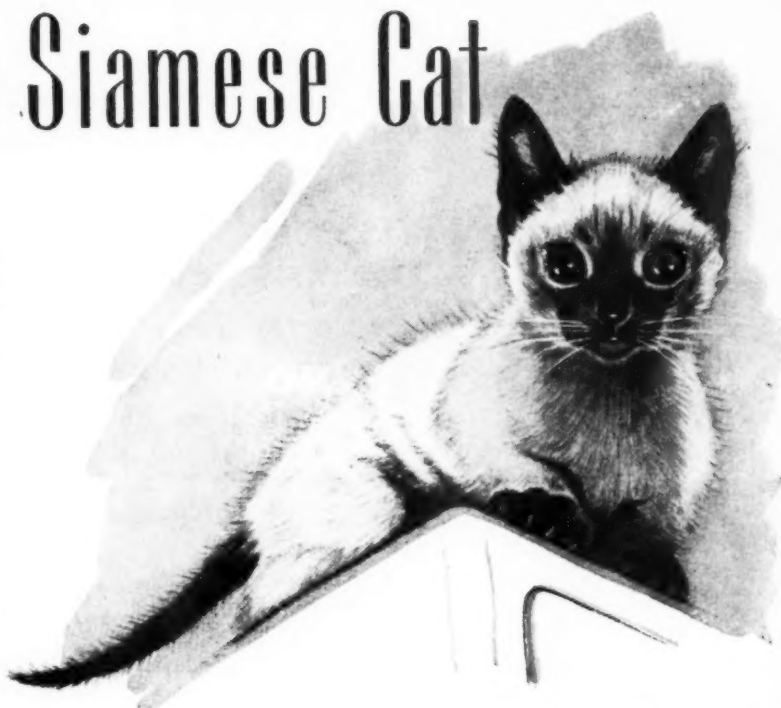
But many Siamese admirers would advise you to have a blue-pointed cat. These are also extremely popular. In these cats the body color should be glacial white, shading gradually to blue on the back, with mask, ears, tail, and so

on all a darker shade of blue. Another fascinating type is the chocolate-pointed Siamese, and there is also a red-pointed Siamese, but do not expect to get one of these easily for they are still very rare.

Perhaps you think of Siamese cats as having amusing kinky tails? This is not true of the best specimens of today, although it was certainly a feature of the very early immigrants. There are several legends about the kinked tail. One of them says it originated because Siamese princesses took the rings off their fingers and put them on the tails of their cats. But the cats would go fishing, swish their tails in the water, and lose the rings. So their tails had to be kinked to prevent such a disaster! Reason, however, scoffs at legends and provides a far more probable theory. It is believed that the kinked tail came about through a cross of the Siamese cat with the Malay jungle cat whose tail is always kinked.

Of course, you have to talk to Siamese cats. They have tremendous conversational powers, ranging from a pleasant "miaow" of greeting to the deep-throated reminder that it is well past their suppertime, or the high-pitched warning to intruding tabbies that dare to venture into the garden. They are great fighters and almost always come off best.

Do not imagine that all Siamese cats are alike in character. The tiniest kittens soon develop individual personalities. Take the case of Coffee, a six-months-old female kitten. Coffee's pet prank is to remove all the flowers from the vases and then to place (Continued on page 37)



Illustrations by Marie C. Nichols from the book "One Kitten Too Many," by Bianca Bradbury and Marie Nichols, by special permission of Houghton Mifflin Company



Meet some blue eyed
charmners who will
surely tug at
your heartstrings

Bells—Only Your Toes

by FAY ALCOTT



For shining hair: brush and brush again

REMEMBER the old jingle—"Rings on her fingers and bells on her toes! She shall have music wherever she goes!"? It's just about as gay a couplet as you can imagine, and what an inspiration to a girl getting ready for a party! For this is exactly the way you should look and feel: as if you were completely surrounded by music—as if you were made of music; everything about you bright and shining, and you, yourself, at your sparkling best—hair gleaming, eyes alight, complexion radiant, immaculate from head to toe—and in your very best dress. That's the picture. Now to make it all come true.

Where to begin? Why, right at the beginning, of course, with good intelligent planning. It's all very well to dream about looking your loveliest. In fact, it's a fine thing to do. No one ever accomplished anything, from looking lovely to building a bridge, without first dreaming about it. But accomplishment grows out of the dream only when you get down to the practical. So let's begin with what you are going to wear. That is the first thing

to settle, because if you are planning on a new dress, you'll need time to decide on just the **right one**—whether you are going to buy it **ready-made**, or make it at home. If you are **not planning** on a new dress, then it will again take time to be sure that the one you have is clean and well pressed. You'll need time, too, to see that stockings, slippers, jewelry, and underwear are ready so there will be no last-minute scramble. I knew a girl once who always looked as if she had just stepped out of a handbox. And how do you suppose she achieved that? By pretending to herself that she had a personal maid, of all things—one who always had everything laid out for her—fresh, pressed, and in absolute order. She'd never seen a personal maid in her life outside of the movies. She just *was* one for herself in a businesslike and devoted way. So everything was always just where it should be when the exciting moment of actually getting dressed for a party arrived.

If you are getting a brand-new dress, start looking for it far enough ahead to have time for possible alterations, and so you can have a dress rehearsal for the family a night or two before the big event. Choosing a dress in the small confines of a store's dressing room is one thing, but wearing it with ease and grace at a party is another. That takes practice. Before you

buy it, while you are still in the store, walk around in it, sit down in it, raise your arms up as you do when dancing. Many a dress looks divine on a mannequin in a store window or on a girl standing still in front of a dressing-room mirror, only to become a horror of discomfort and something less than flattering at strategic points when in action.

Once the clothes question is settled, it's time to turn all your attention to the rest of the picture—you. Have you been skimping on that hair-brushing routine lately? No amount of last-minute fussing will compensate for the lack of natural sheen which is such an important part of real hair beauty and which only comes from regular sessions with the hairbrush. So if you have been careless here, now is the time to begin to correct it.

One good step to take is to give your hair and scalp an oil-steam treatment about a week before the party. Anoint your scalp with an oily tonic or scalp cream by parting the hair into sections and rubbing (Continued on page 27)



For well-groomed hands: take time, care



For lovely skin: cleanliness comes first

Planning makes a prettier you for
that very special hour . . . partytime
when you want to look like a dream come true



PHOTOGRAPH BY RALPH M. BAXTER

Three cheers for this prize-winning combination by Lortogs!

Quilted boy shorts have a novel "block-and-tackle" belt. Quilting is repeated on collar and armholes of blouse. Complete outfit about \$6, in sizes 10-16 teen, 8-14 subteen, at the stores listed in the back of this magazine*

* THE STORES ARE LISTED ON PAGE 48

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RALPH M. BAXTER
SHOES BY U. S. RUBBER CO.
BEACH ACCESSORIES BY KLEINERT
SUN GLASSES FROM AMERICAN OPTICAL

Work Fabrics



Top left: Touraine's Playtone halter-neck blouse, about \$2.50; combined with plaid-denim pedal pushers, about \$4; and a matching jockey cap, about \$1.50. Teen sizes 10-16 at Gimbel's, New York City. *Above:* Terry cardigan by Jane Irwill, about \$2, sizes small, medium, and large at Lord & Taylor, New York City. Lortogs' check-denim shorts, about \$3, sizes 10-16 teen, 8-14 subteen, at Filene's, Boston; Hudson's, Detroit. *Right:* Robin Hood's denim-knit sleeveless shirt, sizes small, medium, and large about \$2.50 at B. Altman, New York City. White Stag's junior jeans of heavy eight-ounce denim with fly front, sizes 10-16 teen, about \$3.95 at Russeks, New York City





Left: College Teen's terry all-in-one playsuit with cuffed legs has a patent belt that encircles the waist. Sizes 10-16 teen, about \$9 at Abraham & Straus, Brooklyn; Hudson's, Detroit. Below: Denim half-boxer shorts, about \$3, and a "popover" shirt, about \$3.50. By Millbrook, both are trimmed with applied carrot embroidery. Sizes 10-16 teen, and 8-14 sub-teen, available at Filene's, Boston. Bottom: Derby's neat, striped-denim pedal pushers, about \$3. And a loose-fitting terry midy with striped collar, cuffs, and yoke, about \$5. Teen sizes 10-16 at F. & R. Lazarus, Columbus; Thalhimers, Richmond; Hutzler Bros., Baltimore; Bloomingdale's, New York City



Go Glamorous

Denim and terry, wonderful "work-a-day" fabrics have taken on a sophisticated air—and just look at the results! Play clothes that will take you through three whole months of sun and fun



Seaside favorites



Bathing suits in versatile fabrics that will flatter your figure and make you the prettiest pebble on the beach



Drawings by Robert Reid

1. Surf Togs' sleek one-piece suit in nylon-lastex faille with zipper back closing. Pearl buttons trim center panel of tucked front. Blue, kelly, coral, and rose. Teen sizes 10-16, about \$8. Woodward & Lothrop, Washington, D. C.; R. E. Cox, Waco, Texas
2. Florentine printed cotton in a one-piece suit by Jantzen. Demure camisole top has a tiny bow at the center. In 9-15 for teens, about \$9. Matching skirt with wide elasticized band. Small, medium, and large, about \$7, at Gimbel's, New York
3. Perfect for sunning—Lee Knitwear's one-piece suit of elasticized cotton plaid. The halter-type bra has adjustable straps. A pert ruffled skirt flares from the hip. Sizes small, medium, and large, it's about \$6 at Abraham & Straus, Brooklyn



Layer cakes and loaf cakes; plain cakes and fancy cakes—all kinds of cakes—came in for this month's Exchange. In all, nearly one thousand recipes were received! Need anyone ask whether teen-age cooks like to make cake?

For the September Exchange, it's Stews and Goulashes. We are looking forward to many excellent and unusual recipes for these hearty dishes, so why not send in your favorite? Try it out, and check carefully as you write it down. Then send it to us. For every recipe printed in the magazine we pay \$1.00. See page 31 for details.

CALICO-QUILT CAKE

This is so pretty that it needs no icing. However, you can frost it with your favorite white or chocolate icing, if you wish.

¾ cup shortening	¾ cup milk
1½ cups sugar	(1 cup less 2 table-
2¼ cups sifted flour	spoons)
2 teaspoons baking powder	1½ teaspoons vanilla
½ teaspoon salt	4 egg whites
	1 square chocolate, melted
	Red vegetable coloring

Cream shortening and sugar until fluffy. Sift together dry ingredients and add alternately with milk to creamed mixture. Add vanilla. Gently fold in stiffly beaten egg whites. Divide batter into 3 parts. Leave one plain; add chocolate to second; tint the third a delicate pink with red vegetable coloring. Drop tablespoons of each mixture into a greased 8" x 12" shallow pan, making a variegated pattern. Bake 35 minutes at 350°.

Sent by GLADYS ANDERSON,
Minneapolis, Minnesota

BLACKBERRY-JAM CAKE

Anita says this recipe came from a cookbook compiled by the ladies of her church.

½ cup shortening	2 cups cake flour
1 cup sugar	¾ teaspoon cinnamon
2 eggs, separated	½ teaspoon salt
¾ cup blackberry jam	½ cup dates or raisins
½ cup buttermilk	chopped
¾ teaspoon soda	¾ cup nuts, chopped

Cream shortening and sugar; add egg yolks and beat well. Add jam, blending thoroughly. Dissolve soda in buttermilk. Sift dry ingredients together, and add alternately with buttermilk to creamed mixture. Add dates and nuts. Fold in well-beaten egg whites. Bake in 2 greased 8-inch layer pans 25 to 30 minutes at 325°.

CAKES

by JUDITH MILLER

Caramel Frosting

2 cups sugar	¾ cup top milk or
½ cup water	light cream
1 teaspoon corn syrup	1 tablespoon butter

Melt ¾ cup of the sugar in heavy aluminum pan over a low flame. Add water and stir until sugar is dissolved. Add rest of sugar, the corn syrup, and milk. Boil until syrup reaches 234° or the soft-ball stage. Remove from heat, add butter, and allow to cool slightly. Beat until creamy and the right consistency to spread.

Sent by ANITA MEYERS, Childress, Texas

SOUR-CREAM CAKE

Rosalie says: "Living on a farm, we always have lots of cream, and it sours quickly. This is our favorite way of using it up." If you aren't as fortunate as she, you can buy sour cream at the store.

3 eggs	½ teaspoon almond
1 cup sugar	extract
½ teaspoon salt	1½ cups cake flour
1 cup sour cream	1 teaspoon double-act-
1 teaspoon vanilla	ing baking powder
	½ teaspoon soda

Beat eggs slightly, add sugar and salt. Beat vigorously until very light and cream-colored. Add cream and flavorings, and beat well. Combine flour, baking powder, and soda in sifter and sift three times. Add to the first mixture and combine thoroughly. Bake in 2 greased 9-inch layer pans or a loaf pan at 375° for 25 to 35 minutes.

Sent by ROSALIE STEPHENS,
St. Onge, South Dakota

DATE CAKE

This inexpensive cake is easy to make, and is delicious served with whipped cream.

1½ cups pitted dates	1 egg
1 teaspoon soda	½ teaspoon salt
1½ cups boiling water	1 teaspoon vanilla
¼ cup shortening	1½ cups sifted all-
1 cup sugar	purpose flour
	1 teaspoon baking powder

Chop dates, add soda, and pour the boiling water over them. Put aside to cool. Cream shortening and sugar until light and

fluffy. Add well-beaten egg, salt, vanilla, and date mixture. Sift flour with baking powder and add to first mixture. Beat well. Pour into a 9" x 13" pan, well-greased, and bake at 350° for 30 to 40 minutes.

Sent by DIANE WOOD, Chicago, Illinois

GIRL SCOUT PARTY CAKE

Whenever her troop has a party, Kathy is asked to bring this cake. She says there is never a crumb left.

2¼ cups sifted cake flour	1 teaspoon salt
1½ cups sugar	½ cup shortening
4 teaspoons double-acting baking powder	1 cup milk
	1 teaspoon vanilla
	¾ teaspoon orange extract
	4 egg whites

Combine dry ingredients in sifter and sift into large mixing bowl. Add shortening, ¾ cup of the milk, and the flavorings. Beat 200 strokes, or 2 minutes at low speed in mixer. Scrape bowl and spoon or beaters frequently. Stir in remaining milk. Add unbeaten egg whites, and beat 200 strokes, or 2 minutes at low speed in mixer. Pour into 2 greased 9-inch layer pans, and bake at 350° for 25 to 30 minutes. For filling and frosting, use Seven-Minute icing, which is given in all cookbooks. If the cake is for a special occasion or a holiday, use vegetable coloring to tint the icing an appropriate shade.

Sent by KATHY MACFARLANE,
Santa Ana, California

LEMON LOAF CAKE

A delicately flavored cake that teams up well with fruits, sauces, or ice cream. It may be iced or not, as you prefer.

2 cups sifted flour	2 eggs
1½ cups sugar	½ cup water
1 teaspoon salt	½ teaspoon orange
¾ teaspoon baking soda	extract
¼ teaspoon mace	1 tablespoon grated
½ cup shortening	lemon rind
	½ cup lemon juice

Combine and sift first 5 ingredients. Add remaining ingredients, except lemon juice. Beat 300 strokes, or 2 minutes at low speed in mixer. Add lemon juice. Beat 150 strokes, or 1 minute at low speed in mixer. Pour into greased, 8½"x4½"x2½" loaf pan. Bake at 350° for 45 to 50 minutes.

Sent by JACQUELINE NESE,
Jersey City, New Jersey
(Continued on page 30)

All for a Summer's Day

Drawings by Florence Maier



4645

4645: From the tiny, shoulder-cap sleeves and petal neckline of its fitted bodice to the full, softly pleated skirt, this is a date dress especially designed for the teen-age figure. The pattern comes in sizes 11-17; size 13 takes $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards 35" material

9112: A pretty daytime or party frock, depending on your material, that can be worn on or off the shoulders. For sizes 10-16; the pattern includes a deep-ruffle petticoat. The dress, in size 12, needs $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards 35" fabric; petticoat, 3 yards, same width

9222: Scallops are used effectively for smart simplicity on a dress in sizes 11-17 that is party-perfect. From the tiny waist a short, full skirt swirls out gaily—wear a pretty crinoline under it, if you like. Size 13 takes $4\frac{7}{8}$ yards 35" material

4793: For a dawn-to-dusk foursome, match the weskit halter in Bates check with shorts, skirt, and bolero of plain broadcloth. Sizes 11-17. With a 35" material, the halter, in size 13, requires $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards; shorts, 1 yard; the skirt and bolero, $4\frac{3}{4}$ yards



9112



9222



4793



These patterns may be purchased from The American Girl Pattern Dept., 155 East 44 Street, New York 17, New York. When ordering, be sure to enclose the correct amount for each pattern (sorry, no C.O.D.'s) and state size. For your convenience there is a clip-out order blank on page 43.

Each Pattern 30¢

the tonic or cream on the partings. Then with the tips of the fingers massage your scalp vigorously. After this fasten a heated—but not damp—bath towel around your head, turban-fashion, and keep it there for at least a half an hour. (How to heat a bath towel in June? Wrap it around a filled hot-water bottle or electric heating pad; iron it thoroughly with a good hot iron.) Finish this performance with a shampoo and plenty of it, too, to remove the extra oil from the hair itself. And brush, brush, brush, every night without fail.

Whether or not to wash your hair the night before or the day of the party depends on what type of hair you have and how you wear it. You know your own hair best, but one word of warning. Don't suddenly decide to wear it in some completely new way unless you are very adept at new arrangements. You can get into difficulties at the last moment. But do be sure of one thing—shampoo it sufficiently near the big date so that it has a fresh, clean odor. Remember your scalp perspires too, and nothing is more destructive to glamour than a musty-smelling head. If you do up your ends in curlers or bobby pins the day of the party, don't forget to sprinkle a few drops of perfume or toilet water in the bowl from which you moisten your hair. That's a fine trick to know.

Now for your complexion. If you are a faithful reader—and follower—of the beauty pages of *THE AMERICAN GIRL*, you've long ago learned that there is no better guarantee of a nice clear skin than absolute cleanliness. Not just a lick and a promise with a soapy washcloth when you think you need it, but systematic and diligent cleaning every night of your life with warm water and a mild soap, well rinsed off with more warm water. If, however, you have begun to use make-up regularly, you'll need a thorough cleaning job with cleansing cream or lotion which in turn must be removed, first with face tissues and then a warm-water rinse. If you are one who is troubled with spots, use a medicated soap every night and be extra careful about rinsing that off, too. Old-fashioned calamine lotion, which you can buy in any drugstore, is the best thing to help dry blemishes. Apply it every night after the face is cleansed. For the great occasion—the party—there are several types of preparations you can use as a cover-up for the spots. If they are widespread, a tinted liquid foundation is a good thing. If it is just one or two stray little offenders, a so-called "spot-stick" takes care of that. If you decide to use the liquid foundation all over your face, it would be a good idea to practise using it at least once before a public appearance so you will learn what the directions mean when they say "blend well." A little goes a long, long way.

Practice makes perfect, also, when it comes to make-up. Use just enough to highlight your own good looks. Too little is far better than too much at any age, and the younger you are, the more adamant this rule. The only difference between making up for every day and making up for a party is a matter of degree. Under night lights you need more than you do during the day. The method of application is the same. Powder, unless you use one of those cake powders which serve both as an underbase and finish, should never be put on the skin with-

out a foundation of some sort. Otherwise, it won't stay on. And who wants a shiny nose, especially at a party? There are many types of powder foundations, but the best for the young skin in good condition is the simple vanishing cream which is easy to apply. And don't forget that when it comes to make-up, your face begins at the base of your neck. Blend your make-up smoothly upward and across the jawline.

The most professional way to apply powder is to dip a wad of fresh cotton in the powder box and then press it firmly and evenly all over your face and neck except over the eyes. Then take another wad of clean cotton and lightly brush off the excess. Be sure no speck of powder remains in your eyebrows or on your lashes; to make these especially beautiful dip a finger tip in vaseline and give them a bit of extra polish.

The art of putting on lipstick correctly is an easy one to learn. See "How's Your Smile?" in the May *AMERICAN GIRL* for the complete story on this subject. Practice making up before the party. Then when the big night comes you'll go through the whole routine without a hitch.

On the actual night give yourself an hour or longer to make your preparations. Take things easily. You can if you have planned right. Naturally the start of the whole procedure is a bath with careful attention given to the nicety of using a deodorant. Right after the bath is a good time to do your nails. If you use polish, wait until it is thoroughly dry before going on to the next step—applying your face make-up and arranging your hair. Then on with your dress and last of all, your lipstick. One last touch to your hair (in case a few strands were pushed out of place when you put on your dress). Now is the moment for that final bit of glamour—just a suggestion of perfume or toilet water, and you're ready to go. Remember, time for everything in order before you start your gay evening can give you the assurance of knowing you look your best.

Getting ready for a party is in truth a great adventure, for who knows what will happen before the evening's done? You may meet new people whose personalities and ideas can at best affect the whole course of your life—or at least give you something new to think about tomorrow. You will see old friends in a different light from their ordinary everyday selves. Will you be a success? Ah, that's the rub. That's really the heart of the matter. That's something it's impossible to tell beforehand. So much depends on the circumstances of the party itself. Perhaps you are your best when dancing, and at this party everybody wants to play games at which you aren't any good at all—or just sit around and wisecrack, at which you are absolutely hopeless. Well, you must learn to take this sort of thing in your stride. That's part of really growing up. Lots of times in your life you are going to be part of a group in which you have no chance of shining whatsoever, but that need not make you feel out of things. We all have something to offer other people, if only praise—spoken or shown—of their achievements. Just be your most happy self and maybe you'll be surprised after all and find suddenly you are the belle you've always dreamed of being!

THE END

MacGregor TENNIS CLINIC

BIG NEWS

about

Tennis Rackets

from

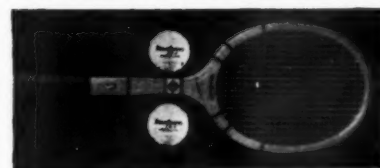
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international tennis star



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And nothing's smarter than these two versions by
Bonnie Blair. Left: Quaker Miss—Novelty
embossed cotton topped by a huge collared cape of
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—Flowered pique sun dress with its own solid color bolero.
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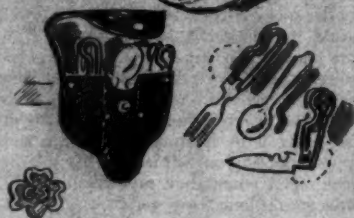
talk

by JONNI BURKE

Drawings by Lisl Well



Brownie's terry pullover with bands of ribbed knitting at the neck, armholes, and waist. Small, medium, and large, \$1.95 at Castner-Knott, Nashville. Sanforized twill shorts, #8-114, sizes 8-20, \$1.75 from Girl Scouts of the U.S.A., National Equipment Service, 155 East 44th Street, New York 17



A quart-size aluminum canteen #15-100, \$2.95 and a chow kit with utensils, #15-283, \$1.95. From Girl Scouts of the U.S.A., National Equipment Service, 155 East 44th Street, New York 17

Please order items direct from stores listed and mention *The American Girl*

Eight items to help you
get set for summer fun!
Yours for \$3 each or less



American Optical Company's novel
sunglasses have Polaroid plastic
lenses and slotted temples for rib-
bon and scarf arrangements. \$1.69
at Bloomingdale's, New York 22



Kleinert Rubber Company's plas-
tic beach bag with multi-colored
polka dots has outside pockets,
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cap in regular and large sizes,
\$1. Lord & Taylor, New York 18



Espadrille-type sandals by Bonnie
Doon have sponge-rubber soles with
printed cotton uppers. Small, medi-
um, large, and x-large sizes, \$2.95
at The Halle Bros. Co., Cleveland



What every teen-ager knows —or should know

The bra and girdle you choose today will have a *lifelong* influence on your figure. So choose wisely! Wear Bobbies by Formfit—a name you can trust. Bobbie Bras and Britches are designed specially for teen-agers. They give you the trim, smooth lines you want today. Plus the comfort and freedom, the healthful support your figure needs to *develop best for the future*. Bobbies are soft, cool, airy light. Styles and fabrics for daytime or date-time needs. Get yours at any good store.

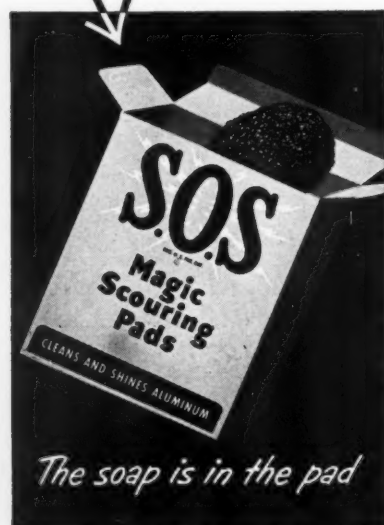


Bobbie Bras, \$1.25 to \$1.75
In all teen sizes

Bobbie Strapless \$2.00

Bobbie Britches from \$3.95
(4 detachable garters)

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Captivating Rhythm (Continued from page 15)

he grinned and said, "There's nothing like it. Recording's my first love."

Record-making is a world all by itself where many new elements are introduced. As I sat in the control room watching Ray record for Capitol Records (the only company he records for) I realized how different this was from putting on a regular night show in a hotel. The sharp, neat uniforms had given way to shirt sleeves. That particular excitement of putting on a performance before an audience was gone, too. Instead, an air of calm patience filled the room.

In the control room I met the kingpin of a recording—the producer. He is the man who conducts the whole recording show from the moment he raises his hand, points to the performers and says, "Stand by . . . quiet please . . . six three two one, take one" to the final happy moment when he says, "That's the A take."

The producer has had music training and through long experience his ear had been trained to pick out the slightest off sound. He sits in the control room, listening to the record as it is being made and picks out the troubles. Although he can see from the control room into the room where the performers are, he cannot speak to them except through the loud-speaker.

But before a record can be cut, a man known as the "mixer" has to spend about a half hour "balancing the band" (a tough job which can be done only by an experienced man) which consists of separating the different sections of the band, instrument by instrument. Here's how this works: Before each section (the drum section, the saxophone section, and so forth) is placed a microphone which picks up the sound from just that section and no other. Each mike is connected to a different knob on the control board. The mixer at the control board can raise or lower the volume of any section as he wishes. The producer constantly gives instruction to the mixer during a take.

"Bring up the brass a shade," is a typical order to the mixer. Or "too much piano." Because the mixer has this control, he can make the playing of the trumpet section, for instance, sound very soft on the record by regulating the knob connected with this section's mike, even though the trumpet section is actually playing loudly.

After hearing a trial recording the producer diplomatically offers his suggestions.

"I don't think we have any problems, but how about trying it a shade faster?"

After each record is made, it is played back and the producer, mixer, Ray, and the

band members listen for faulty passages. This is done over and over until the producer and Ray come to an agreement on the sound, tempo, and the like. They keep trying until a perfect record is finally made. This is called the "A" take.

All this takes time, and since four sides are usually cut at one recording session (which lasts three hours) the producer worries.

"Fifty-five minutes and no dishes washed yet," he says. That's recording lingo for "Almost an hour of working over and over has passed and not one usable record has been cut."

One of the nicest parts about the recording angle is the spirit of co-operation, courtesy, and informality which runs through the entire session. Frankly, I expected some blowups—or at least an argument or two. So I was amazed that no one got excited or annoyed when the vocalist's voice popped and a record was ruined.

A voice pop is a simple thing which causes singers more trouble than might be expected. When pronouncing letters like P, T, and Ch, a singer blows air straight out of the mouth. Should the singer be facing the front of the mike directly at this time, the air will hit the mike with too much force and cause a popping sound. The remedy, however, is simple too—on these sounds the singer must sing across the mike rather than directly into it.

As the producer waves his arms and times the recording and the mixer vigilantly scans his dials and manipulates the knobs, they are both caught up in the catchy rhythms, fine arrangements, and brilliant performance of Ray Anthony and his band. Despite their exacting duties, they cannot help keeping time with their feet, swaying in their seats, smiling and nodding approval of the music.

Besides the gruelling schedule of road tours, rehearsing, careful selection of tunes, and making recordings, Ray also works on television. All these, plus plenty of talent and his insistence on perfection have made Ray's a top-notch band. Long working hours leave Ray very little time for his favorite sport of baseball—he is a rabid fan—but he still manages to spend time with his wife, Dee Keating, former vocalist with his band. He likes Chinese and Italian foods and whenever possible scurries off to one of these restaurants to have a meal before a show.

Although Ray Anthony is still a very young man, he has reached a top spot in one of the nation's most glamorous fields—to become Melody Man to millions!

THE END

Your Own Recipe Exchange (Continued from page 25)

MOUNT VERNON CHERRY CAKE

Cherry lovers will find excuses to make this pretty and delicious cake often during the year. It's perfect, of course, for a Washington's Birthday party.

2½ cups sifted cake flour	1 teaspoon vanilla
1½ cups sugar	2 teaspoons almond extract
3½ teaspoons baking powder	½ cup shortening
1 teaspoon salt	4 egg whites
¾ cup milk	½ cup maraschino cherries, chopped
¼ cup maraschino-cherry juice	½ cup finely chopped walnuts

Sift together flour, sugar, baking powder, and salt. Combine milk, cherry juice, and

flavorings. In a large bowl, combine sifted ingredients, shortening, and ¾ cup of the milk mixture. Beat by hand 250 strokes, or 2 minutes at low speed in mixer. Add remaining liquid and blend. Add unbeaten egg whites and beat 250 strokes, or 2 minutes at low speed in mixer. Stir in cherries and nuts and mix thoroughly. Pour into 2 greased, 9-inch layer pans. Bake at 375° for 20 to 25 minutes. Cool 5 minutes before removing from pans. Frost with:

Maraschino Marshmallow Frosting	
2 egg whites	1 tablespoon light corn syrup
1½ cups granulated sugar	½ cup maraschino cherry juice
Dash salt	
	8 marshmallows

Combine all ingredients, except marshmallows, in top of double boiler. Place over steadily boiling water, and beat constantly for 5 minutes with rotary beater. Add marshmallows, which have been cut in pieces, and beat 2 minutes longer, or until marshmallows are dissolved and frosting is the right consistency to spread. Decorate cake with whole, stemmed maraschino cherries.

Sent by MARIE LANGE,
West Hartford, Connecticut

GRAHAM-CRACKER CAKE

The subtle flavor of this cake is brought out by the fresh lemon icing.

1½ cups sifted cake flour	¾ cup milk
1 cup finely crushed graham cracker crumbs	3½ teaspoons double-acting baking powder
1¼ cups sugar	1 egg
1 teaspoon salt	2 egg yolks
¾ cup shortening	½ cup milk
	1 teaspoon vanilla

Measure first 6 ingredients into mixing bowl. Blend thoroughly, and beat 250 strokes by hand, or 2 minutes at low speed in mixer. Stir in baking powder. Add remaining ingredients and beat 250 strokes, or 2 minutes at low speed in mixer. Pour into two 9" layer pans which have been greased and lined with heavy wax paper. Bake at 375° for 30 to 35 minutes.

Fresh Lemon Icing:

1½ cups sugar	1 teaspoon grated lemon rind
½ teaspoon salt	3 tablespoons fresh lemon juice
¼ teaspoon cream of tartar	2 tablespoons water
2 egg whites	

Place all ingredients in top of double boiler over boiling water. Beat constantly with rotary beater until mixture stands in peaks. This will fill and ice two layers.

Sent by COLLEEN MCGOVERN,
Waterloo, Iowa
THE END

September Recipe Exchange

Subject: Stews and Goulashes
Date Due: June 20

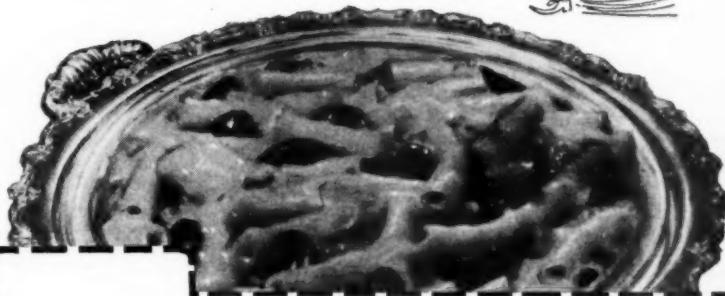
- The AMERICAN GIRL Magazine is offering you an opportunity to have your very own cooking department in which your recipes will be published. Entries for the September issue must reach us by June 20.
- Each month we'll announce in the magazine the kind of cookery to be featured in the "Recipe Exchange." Your recipe MUST be one that you have used successfully.
- JUDITH MILLER, our Cooking Editor, will test and judge the contributions, and choose the recipes which will appear in the magazine. For every entry that is printed, The AMERICAN GIRL will pay \$1.00.

FOLLOW THESE RULES CAREFULLY!

1. Recipes must be typewritten or neatly printed in ink, on one side of the paper.
2. In the upper right-hand corner of the page, give your name, address, age, and the source of your recipe.
3. List ingredients in the order of use in the recipe, and give level measurements. If any special techniques are involved, describe them fully.
4. All recipes submitted become the property of The AMERICAN GIRL Magazine and cannot be acknowledged or returned. If your recipe is published in the magazine, you will receive a check for \$1.00. Decisions of the judge are final.
5. Address all entries to Judith Miller, American Girl Magazine, 155 East 44th Street, New York 17, New York.

Keep a Recipe Scrapbook

Here's an easy treat that's so good to eat! Test this recipe yourself and add it to your troop scrapbook*!



Macaroni Supper Casserole

Delicious new flavor in this easy casserole supper. Combine 8-oz. pkg. cooked macaroni, ½ c. Whole-Egg Mayonnaise, ¼ tsp. salt, ¼ c. each diced green pepper and pimiento. Heat can cream mushroom

soup, can sliced mushrooms and 3 tbs. of the liquid. Grate ¼ lb. American cheese. Arrange layers of macaroni, mushroom sauce, cheese in greased casserole. Bake 20 mins. at 425° F. (Serves 6.)



*Activity 17 for your Cook Proficiency Badge

Activity 17 says, "Make a troop or patrol recipe book consisting of self-tested recipes for general cooking, each member contributing at least five." Macaroni Supper Casserole is a grand recipe for this activity—a treat for your family, too!



In main dishes, salads, sandwiches—you'll find that Best Foods or Hellmann's Real Mayonnaise is so good so many ways! Finer in flavor, smoother in texture because it's the Whole-Egg Mayonnaise . . . made with freshly broken whole eggs plus extra egg yolks. What a difference between mayonnaise made with egg yolks alone and Best Foods or Hellmann's made with whole eggs. So wonderful in so many easy dishes—it's America's favorite mayonnaise!

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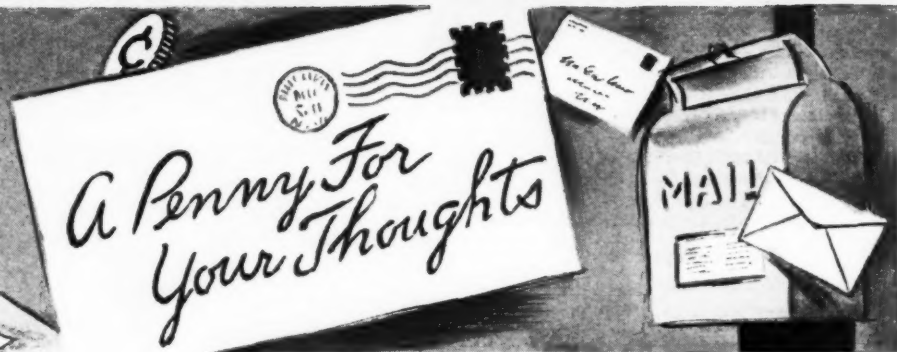


The Whole-Egg Mayonnaise

IN THE WEST →

← IN THE EAST





JAMAICA, NEW YORK: I simply had to write to congratulate Arlene Brent on her marvelous story "The Red Jacket" in the *By You* section. I think it is as good as some of the other stories written by professional writers published in this magazine. My mother was amazed at "the mature insight the author showed in her handling of this teen-age problem."

OLGA SCHNIPER (age 13)

HAMILTON, ILLINOIS: Because of the article, *United Nations Youth*, which appeared in your May, 1951, issue, our school now boasts a United Nations Youth organization.

Nearly a year ago four other girls and myself were earnestly discussing a story from our freshman literature book about the destruction of war and misunderstandings among nations, and wishing we could do something about it. I mentioned the article in *THE AMERICAN GIRL*. After discussing it, we talked with our English teacher. We ordered the material and last fall the U.N.Y. was introduced to Hamilton High School for the first time. Our freshman-sophomore English teacher and our new social-science teacher became our excellent sponsors. I was elected president and am very proud of our group of about forty members. We are all proud to be members and feel that we are really being helped by this fine experience for which your wonderful magazine is responsible.

SHEILA SIMON (age 16)

ST. PETERSBURG, FLORIDA: Your fashions are scrumptious, and your beauty hints are very helpful. My favorite article in the magazine is *Your Own Recipe Exchange*. Its recipes keep me busy, and I receive compliments on everything I make. Of course *By You*, *Jokes*, *Books*, and *The Music Stand* are wonderful, not forgetting the Scout news.

DIANA MARCOVECCHIO

HELSINGFORS, FINLAND: The first time I saw your wonderful magazine it was at the United States Information Service Library, I used to borrow it every time there was a new copy. But this year I got it myself because my American Aunt Emelia who lives in Chicago was so very kind and subscribed for *THE AMERICAN GIRL* for me. It is very nice to keep all the issues at home. Your covers are splendid; particularly I like the January cover because I'm fond of cats and I have a pussycat who is called Kitty.

I enjoy *Double Date* very much and I can hardly wait for the next copy. In my opinion there is no magazine in Finland which is by far so cute as *THE AMERICAN GIRL*. I'm awfully interested in English and I read a lot of books from the United States

Library.

Though I'm not a Girl Scout I enjoy reading the articles on Scouting. I like all your other stories too. Thank you for a really grand magazine.

SYNNÖVE HEIKKINEN (age 16)

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA: We're both twelve, and have just entered junior high school. We've gotten wonderful results from your tempting recipes. We use our mothers and fathers as guinea pigs. They don't seem to mind.

JUDITH SUMMERFIELD and DORIS KAHN

SPOKANE, WASHINGTON: *Double Date* was just super. I have just finished another book by Rosamond du Jardin called *Practically Seventeen*. I really like her books.

I found your article *Let's Launder* in the last issue very helpful in my home-economics class at high school. I think your *By You* department is very good, but I don't always agree with the judges. I believe it is a good idea to have photography in that department, as, if others are like me, they can neither draw nor write, but do enjoy taking pictures. Your fashions are good and I think the *Prize Purchase* was just super this time.

ARLYCE PEARSON (age 14)

SHREVEPORT, LOUISIANA: I have just finished reading my first issue of *THE AMERICAN GIRL* and I think it is terrific.

Let's Launder and *Do Not Disturb* are swell articles. The fashions are darling. I think *Danger Rides the River Road* and *A Formal for Libba* are really good. My friends and I are looking forward to the new prize serial in May called *The Wind Blows Free*. In later issues I hope to find articles on different occupations like airline hostessing.

MARTHA THOMPSON (age 13)

HOMER, MICHIGAN: For my 4-H sewing project, I used one of your patterns. They say the dress has a good chance of taking a blue ribbon.

Your articles and stories are very helpful in my schoolwork, as well as in many other of my activities.

ROBERTA POYNTER (age 15)

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK: I think your magazine is wonderful, but that's the trouble. Everybody who writes to you tells you the same thing, and it can get a little boring. *A Penny for Your Thoughts* would be much more interesting if the readers would write in and tell about their home towns or some funny or different experience that happened to them. I think this would be a good step to make the magazine even more enjoyable

than it is, don't you?

BRENDA GANZ (age 12)

EAST DETROIT, MICHIGAN: *Double Date* was simply grand. I especially liked the ending. I want to congratulate you on your covers. They're the best I've ever seen and we get three or four magazines. Your articles are wonderful and teach me a lot.

JUDY PATCHETT (age 12)

FLORAL PARK, NEW YORK: I think the poem "The Outsider" by Shirley Wolf in the *By You* section was really good. The story *A Formal for Libba* was good and so was the serial *Double Date*. *Which Way—In Advertising?* was very helpful and I brought it to my business class. *Danger Rides the River Road* was swell. In short, I thought your April issue was super.

FRANCES SOKOL (age 14)

IRVINGTON, NEW JERSEY: I think your fashions are adorable. I have sent for quite a few of them. Your good-grooming articles are wonderful. They have helped me earn my Good Grooming badge at Girl Scouts.

I enjoy reading very much *Teen Shop Talk* and also *All Over the Map*. The stories *A Formal for Libba* and *Danger Rides the River Road* were spectacular—the best I've read in a long time.

JUDY TINTLE (age 11)

ABILENE, TEXAS: At our school there is a one-semester course in public speaking offered and I'm taking it. Naturally, I have quite a few speeches to give. So I just go through my stack of back issues of *THE AMERICAN GIRL* for ideas. I made an "A" on a speech about Marie Antoinette, the material for which came from *THE AMERICAN GIRL*, and I also made "A" when I told Shirley Scott's short story "Sister Trouble," from the *By You* section. I am now preparing a speech on the Japanese Doll Festival, and I am using Elizabeth D. Fisher's article "The Doll Festival," also from the *By You* section, as a guide.

I think your patterns and fashions are very cute, and I love the articles on beauty and good grooming.

SUSAN VOSHEN (age 12)

FAIRFIELD, CONNECTICUT: I just loved *Double Date* and *A Formal for Libba*.

I am a Girl Scout in Troop 161. We are working on the Cook badge and I find *Your Own Recipe Exchange* very helpful.

ROSE-MARIE HIDU (age 12)

Please send your letters to The American Girl, 155 East 44th St., New York 17, N. Y., and tell us your age and address.

Johnny Stack

(Continued from page 17)

Then nobody would guess the real reason she didn't go places. That would be a marvelous excuse! Nobody expected anything of sick people. She got up and moved restlessly around the house.

"Anything wrong?" inquired her mother, looking up from her sewing. Sally shook her head. "Oh, but there is," Mrs. Pemburgher persisted. She broke off the thread and stuck the needle in the pincushion on the table. "Come tell me about it."

Sally rushed over and knelt beside her mother's chair. "It's the boat ride," she burst out. "Our section is having a picnic tomorrow and I'm not going!"

Mrs. Pemburgher lifted her daughter's face to the light. "Why?"

"Nobody asked me," Sally sobbed. "The boys think I'm standoffish, but I'm really scared. I never know what to say to them!"

"Sally, dear, nobody expects a fifteen-year-old girl to be a brilliant conversationalist. Even at fifty, brilliant conversationalists are rare. People just want you to be pleasant and friendly. That isn't so hard, is it?"

"It's too hard for me," Sally wailed. "I can't explain. I—oh, never mind."

"I wish—" began Mrs. Pemburgher. But at that moment the telephone bell pealed.

"I'll get it," Sally sprang up, wiping her eyes. Perhaps it's Jane, she thought hopefully. Perhaps she's decided not to go, after all.

"Or perhaps," a small inner voice added, as she reached for the receiver, "she's going to coax me some more. Well, I won't give in!" She picked up the receiver, prepared for a long argument.

"Hello, Jane," she said, grim determination in her voice.

"Thanks for the compliment," drawled a deep voice. Sally's heart lurched, then beat so fast she could scarcely hear anything. "Sally, this—uh—is Johnny Stack."

Sally murmured dazedly.

"Say—uh—look—are you going on this boat ride tomorrow?"

"I'm not—sure," said Sally.

"Well, look, I didn't think I'd go, but—uh—I uh—suddenly changed my plans. It's sort of late but—uh—and then it came out with a rush—"willyoucomewithmeSally?"

Sally made a face at the telephone, thinking, huh, guess he couldn't get anybody else at the last minute! She gulped a deep breath.

"What'd you say, Sally? I didn't hear you. Will—uh—you come?"

Sally swallowed, and then she heard herself saying, "Well it is sort of late . . . but yes . . . thank you . . . I'll go with you, Johnny."

There was a sound like a long sigh.

"Swell! I'll call for you at eight in the morning. Good-by, Sally." Slowly Sally put down the receiver.

"I—that was Johnny Stack, Mother. I'm going on the boat ride with him."

"That's nice," said Mrs. Pemburgher, carefully casual. "I'll fix you a good lunch."

Sally went to her room, already beginning to regret her acceptance. I don't know what to do, she thought, panic mounting. Johnny Stack! What will I say! How shall I act? She had accepted because more than any other boy, she wanted to know Johnny Stack. She had accepted because

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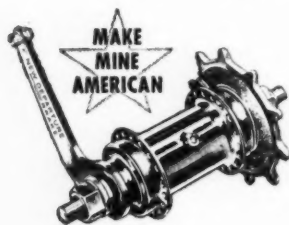
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every other girl would be envious. Now, recalling Johnny's ease and assurance, she was horrified at her audacity. She could imagine how dumbly she would sit beside him all the trip up the river and back. She could see how bored he would become—how Barbara, even Jane, all the other girls who were confident and poised would surround him, chattering and laughing. Very soon he would regret having invited her, even as a last resort, and stroll away to enjoy himself with the rest, while she remained glued to a chair.

She darted out to the telephone shelf in the hall and feverishly searched the directory for his number. But there were several Stacks listed. She did not know his father's name or their address. Drearly she returned to her room. "How did I ever get myself into this!" she moaned. "What *will* I do?" Finally, "I'll take something to read," she decided. Then when the worst came to the worst she could pretend to be absorbed. It might even look as though she were so scholarly that she didn't care for people.

In the morning she awoke in good time and trailed out to the kitchen. "Muth," she said, leaning over to kiss her mother's cheek, "will you tell Johnny I'm sick in bed, please? Will you, please, Mother? I can't go on this boat ride. Really, Mother, I can't!"

"I'm slicing bread for the sandwiches," her mother replied firmly. "If you intend to disappoint the boy, please don't make me a party to it. If I were in his place I wouldn't want to be let down at the last moment."

Promptly at eight, the doorbell rang. Sally set her shoulders and went to the door. It was Johnny, all right, Johnny wearing sport slacks and a turtle-neck sweater, and a big smile.

"H'lo, Sally," he said.

"H'lo, Johnny."

"Ready?"

She nodded, gathering up the package of lunch and her book. She called good-by to her mother, who waved from the window.

Johnny swung along beside her, taking big strides. Not until they hastened across the street to board the bus did she notice that he was carrying a book, too. In the first desperate silence she asked him what he was reading. He showed her his book and inspected hers. They talked about Shakespeare and George Bernard Shaw and books in general all the way to the boat landing. As he helped her down the bus steps, Johnny said, "That's a handsome sweater you're wearing." They talked about sweaters. Approaching the pier, they fell silent.

There was a large drugstore on the corner where the section was scheduled to meet and purchase tickets. Johnny looked at his watch, then cleared his throat.

"We're early," he said. "How about a second breakfast?"

Sally nodded. She cleared her throat. "I'm so glad it's a nice day," she offered. Johnny nodded. It's a beautiful day."

They climbed on the high fountain stools. "I'd like hot chocolate and muffins," said Johnny. "How about you?"

Sally nodded. "That sounds perfect to me."

"Gosh, I'm glad that's over." Johnny heaved a deep sigh. "And I'm awfully glad you said you'd come with me, Sally."

Sally edged her stool nearer his. It seemed more friendly that way. She took a long sip of her chocolate and a big bite out of her

muffin. "I'm so glad I came," she said.

Johnny put down his cup and looked at her a moment. His face wore a curious expression—part shame, part glee. "If I tell you something will you promise not to laugh?"

Sally looked puzzled. "Why, sure, Johnny." "I mean—will you promise not to tell anybody else?" He scrutinized her almost doubtfully. "Not even Jane?"

"I promise," said Sally.

He grew very red and spoke very fast. "You are the only girl I ever wanted to date, but I was scared to ask you. I was afraid you would turn me down. You usually seem so sophisticated and aloof. But one day I heard Jane say you were 'busy'—just like me—and I thought . . ." He paused.

Comprehension suddenly dawned on Sally like a wash of light over the sky. Boys sometimes pretended to be "busy" too! All John-

ny's "superiority" was camouflage! When he started to say things and never finished, it was only because he suddenly became shy and imagined nobody was interested. It wasn't mysterious at all. It was—just like herself!

"You were right, Johnny!" cried Sally. "My trouble was just like yours. Isn't it wonderful!" She bounced off her stool. "Come on, let's go!"

The others were already clustered in front of the ticket booth. "Hi, everybody," called Sally gaily. "Isn't it a gorgeous day?" She pretended to be unaware of the baffled glances that greeted them as she and Johnny came up. She pretended not to hear Jane gasp, "My goodness!"

"Will you check my book, Johnny?" she asked, smiling at him. "I don't think I'll want it after all." THE END

The Wind Blows Free (Continued from page 13)

morning Melinda woke with a strange feeling of excitement. She lay there a moment, nibbling around the edges of the sensation, tasting it delicately. Something good was going to happen! She was going to Sunday school. She would see Jennie Sue and Mary Elizabeth. Then she remembered. She lay there, feeling sick inside, until she heard Mama call, "Time to get up, children."

They dispatched breakfast and the chores with speed.

"We're going to put on our Sunday clothes," Mama ruled. "While the boys dress, the girls and I will get dinner started and set the table. Use a white cloth and the good dishes, Melinda."

Melinda spread the white cloth on the table and took out the Sunday dishes. She placed the silver carefully and Mama, who had been stirring and tasting, turned to say, "It looks real nice, Melinda. Now you and Katie put on your Sunday dresses and I'll comb your hair."

Mama ran a comb through the long dark strands of Melinda's hair. "I think we'll try it a new way," she said and, looping up the braids, she tied them with a big red bow on each side of Melinda's head. Melinda looked in the glass and beamed. It was lovely!

Presently they were all ready and in their places. Mama sat at the organ, Papa stood behind her, holding a hymnbook in his hands. The twins were on a bench, with Melinda and Katie and Carolyn beside them.

"What song do you want to open with?" Papa asked, as politely as if they were in church back in East Texas.

"Let's sing Number Ten," Mama said. "All stand, please," Papa directed.

Mama began to pump the organ. The twins stood up and they all sang:

Shall we gather at the river,
Where bright angels' feet have
tro-o-o-o-d—

Papa's voice was true and sweet. The boys hummed like two great flies. Katie's treble caroled in Melinda's ear, while Carolyn was making up words and tune to suit herself. Over them all soared Mama's clear soprano.

There came a knock at the door. They all stopped singing in startled amazement. Then Papa jumped to open it. There stood a man, a woman, and a boy. Melinda looked at the boy with startled eyes. He was Dennis Kennedy! She was very, very glad she had on her Sunday dress, and that her hair was combed in this becoming new way.

"Come right in," Papa urged hospitably.

By this time Mama had got up from the organ and had come to the dugout steps. "Yes, do come in," she echoed Papa.

"We're the Kennedys," the man told Mama. "Dennis's aunt and uncle."

"How do you do," Mama said and repeated, "Won't you come in?"

"Thank you," said the woman as she came down the steps. She had on a dark dress, and she wore a hat and gloves. She spoke as politely as a woman from back home would have spoken. "I hope you'll forgive us," she continued, "but we were passing by and heard the sound of your singing. We couldn't resist stopping."

"Forgive you!" Mama repeated. "We're delighted. We were just having Sunday school for our family. We're the Pierces."

"Yes, I know. Dennis has told us about you. If you don't mind we'd like to join you."

So they went back to their Sunday school, but this time it was even better than before, because the Kennedys were joining in the singing and reading. When it was over, Mama turned to Mrs. Kennedy and said, "Of course, you'll stay for dinner."

"Oh, we couldn't," Mrs. Kennedy protested. "You weren't expecting us."

"That doesn't make a bit of difference," Mama assured her. "It would be a great pleasure to have you."

So the Kennedys stayed for dinner. Mama sent the twins and Katie outside, which left three places for the guests.

Dennis ate quietly, sitting on the boys' bench next to the wall. Melinda had the strangest feeling that he was there with them and still not there at all. She had thought at first he was shy, but now she wondered if perhaps he were just dreamy and indifferent. After dinner, Mama and Mrs. Kennedy did the dishes, while the twins rushed Dennis off to the corral to show him how well they could rope the posts. Katie got her paper dolls, and Melinda sat down on the top step of the dugout to read.

Presently she was conscious of a shadow falling across the page. She looked up and when she saw Dennis standing there, she closed the book quickly, as if to hide the fact that she had been reading. She had always understood that boys didn't like books, and she did not want to prejudice Dennis against her from the start. Actually, he was nearer to her in age than to the twins, yet, because they were boys, they had taken for granted he would want to be with them. But the twins had each other; she was the lonely

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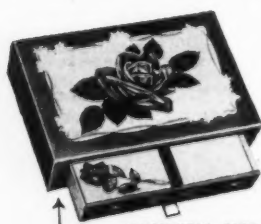
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one. If only there were a girl her age on this lonely Panhandle.

"Hello," Dennis said quietly.

He looked so nice in his Sunday clothes. His light brown hair was combed smoothly. His thin, serious face lighted up when he grinned at her.

"Hello," she replied. "I—I was just enjoying a bit of fresh air."

"What is your book?" Dennis asked. "I like to read, too."

He seemed about to add something more when the twins came rushing around the corner of the dugout, yelling, "Come on, Dennis, we're going to hunt prairie dogs."

They stopped short as they realized Melinda and Dennis were talking together.

"Well!" Bert exclaimed.

"Oh!" added Dick.

In another minute Melinda knew they would be swinging into that hateful chant she had heard once or twice before, to her great humiliation and disgust.

"Melinder's got a feller! Melinder's got a feller!"

She got up, while it was still possible for her to rise and retreat with dignity. Without a word, she went into the dugout.

Later the Kennedys, waving good-bye rode off into the brightness of the setting sun.

"What a happy, happy day!" Mama exclaimed, beaming at Papa and the children.

That night Melinda lay in bed, waiting for sleep to come and going over in her mind all the impressions of the happiest day since she had come to the Panhandle. As she dropped off to sleep, she was remembering a tall, polite boy who had said, "I like to read, too."

About a week later, Papa came home to say the family had an invitation for Sunday dinner. "From the Fosters, the family who helped me get this place ready for you."

"Is it all right to go?" Mama asked. "I mean, Mrs. Foster hasn't called on me."

Papa laughed heartily. "Good heavens, Katherine, this is the Panhandle. You don't put on your Sunday hat and white gloves and go calling on new neighbors. You just ask them to dinner."

"I hate for the seven of us to go without taking something," Mama worried. She was thinking about how far it was to town and groceries and how much food cost. She finally decided to take some fried pies. They would be filling, yet not look as if she thought her hostess might run out of food.

"I wouldn't dress up very much," Papa advised. "They're—well, you're not going to find another Kennedy family in the Fosters."

So they compromised on their second-best clothes. They set out early on the nine-mile drive. It was late June, a crystal-clear morning, the sort of day that promised lovely things.

Melinda was happy. Although her eyes still ached for a sight of East Texas, with its trees, flowers, and little streams, she was hoping there might be a Foster girl her own age who would help her to pass the interminable time until she could go back to Grandmother and the Lewisville Academy.

A new friend! A friend in this lonely place where there was no one with whom to share confidences, to talk about all the things dear to a girl's heart. A new friend to take the place of Jennie Sue or Mary Elizabeth.

A new friend! The phee-larks poured out their hearts in bursts of careless joy. The sun was warm and the day was a thing of bright, clear blueness—of air, earth, and sky.

When at last Papa stopped the wagon at the Fosters', Melinda was conscious of a great many children running around. A man and woman rushed out of the dugout as if they could not wait to greet their guests. Three or four mangy dogs began barking wildly. The man was tall and thin; his wife large and fat. She was clad in a soiled gray Mother Hubbard, and her hair was screwed into a tight knot at the back of her neck.

"Git off that wagon and come on in," the woman invited. "You're the Pierces, and I've been a lookin' fur ye."

The four Foster boys slipped up close to the wagon and stared unblinkingly. The twins stared back. Papa helped Mama and the girls down.

"We are very glad to be here, Mrs. Foster," Mama said politely.

"And I'm so proud—so proud you come," Mrs. Foster said, holding fast to Mama's hand. "You ain't been here long enough to know what it means to see another woman. I git starved, I do, for the sight of one."

Melinda followed Mama and Mrs. Foster into the dugout. The room was small and dimly lighted. The fat woman made a path as she went, grabbing odds and ends of clothing off the floor and chairs, tumbling

the lot of them on a bed already loaded with a strange assortment of objects. Then she pushed forward one of the cleared chairs.

"Now set, my dear," she said to Mama.

Mama sat, as if she didn't quite know what else to do. There was a smell of cooking food. The stove was in the corner nearest the door which, Melinda now saw, furnished all the light. There were no windows. Then, in the shadows, Melinda saw a girl. She sat at a churn, holding a small baby. The girl seemed too shy to speak, so she and Melinda just stared at each other. Melinda was sick with disappointment. The girl was here, she was the right age, but what a girl! Her hair hung, frowsy and tangled, about a face not even clean. Her dress was dirty and ragged, and she was barefoot!

"Now, Annie," Mrs. Foster said, "you stop churning and say hello to—" she looked inquiringly at Melinda.

"This is Melinda, my oldest daughter," Mama said, "and this is Katie, and Carolyn."

Wordless, Melinda stared at Annie. It couldn't be true. This, this was the new friend who was to help her get through the weary months until she could go back home to East Texas again!

(To be continued)

Life with a Siamese Cat (Continued from page 19)

them in a row at her mistress' feet. Nothing will break her of this mischievous habit, but as she never breaks the vases, nor even knocks them over, who could be cross with her?

Then there is Chou. Chou is a fine big cat, four years old. Every morning he sees his master off to business, accompanying him to the bus stop. In the evening there is Chou again, waiting at the bus stop to welcome him home. Chou never misses the bus. Even if his master happens to be delayed, Chou patiently waits on.

My own cat, Caesar, is extremely fond of music. He will jump on a chair and miaow gently for the piano to be opened. As soon as we oblige, he will walk up and down the keyboard as if he were asking one of us to play for him. While the music is in progress he sits in rapt attention, quietly purring and giving occasional miaows of pleasure.

Caesar is also of a very conservative disposition. He has no objection to my typewriter during the daytime. In fact, he often curls up on my desk beside it and goes to sleep. However, if I am especially busy and get out the machine after about eight o'clock in the evening, he miaows very loudly and continuously as he prowls nervously round and round the room. Finally, finding that I take no notice of him, he gives a very audible sigh, and, tail in the air, marches off to the bedroom to sulk!

Well, then—suppose you want to own one of these fascinating pets (or rather want it to own you). Where can you get your Siamese kitten? You can buy it from a pet-shop or direct from a breeder. If you know a recommended breeder perhaps the latter way is best.

Unless you plan to exhibit your kitten, don't worry too much about show points and ancestry. My first Siamese kitten had light blue eyes, a definite squint, and a short, stumpy tail. Naturally, it did not win much fame on the show bench, but it was definitely the sweetest pet and most loyal companion I have ever had. Breeders are often

willingly to sell pet kittens of this type very reasonably to people who will give them good homes.

So, let us say that you have found your perfect kitten—not *the* perfect kitten, for such is nonexistent—but one that is friendly, affectionate, and healthy. At first it may feel rather lonely. If it comes from a cattery, it may hide under furniture and behind doors. So make a great fuss over it at first. Remember, it has just left its mother and little brothers and sisters. Talk to it as much as possible, play with it, and generally help it to settle down.

You will find your Siamese cat the cleanest of animals. I often watch mine washing himself. His wetted paw not only goes all over his face but round the back of his ears as well, while his rough little tongue seems to go everywhere. All the same, give yours an occasional brushing to remove loose hairs and so prevent hair balls from forming in puss' stomach as he licks himself.

Siamese cats are wonderful mousers. But they hunt for the pleasure of hunting, rather than for food. So you will need to provide your cat with a wholesome diet. Kittens need four very small meals each day, consisting of two milk meals (milk alone, or milk mixed with a little cooked cereal, such as oatmeal or baby cereal) and two of a little chopped meat (raw or cooked) and cooked fish with the bones removed.

The adult Siamese (from nine months old) needs two good meals of meat or fish a day, which are best given in the morning and evening. Some grown cats will eat a few vegetables, and do continue drinking milk, so offer both until you find out your pet's likes and dislikes. Appetites vary, but I find about four ounces of food at each meal the satisfactory quantity for my cat. Be sure there is fresh water available for your cat to drink whenever he wants it.

Now add a generous amount of affection and find out for yourself how delightful a pet your Siamese cat can be! THE END

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All Over the Map



Fathers line up eagerly for welcome refreshments at an Omaha, Nebraska, Girl Scouts' Dad-Daughter Fling



Lady Baden-Powell points out to girls from Troop 203, Chicago, flags of countries in the World Association

✿ "An invitation from the Queen!" It sounds like the beginning of a fairy tale—and to the six Girl Scouts who were the guests of Queen Juliana of The Netherlands during her recent visit to New York City, it seemed like a fairy tale. The Queen received the girls in her hotel suite, served them orange juice, and talked with them about the Girl Scout program in the United States. An enthusiastic member of the Girl Guide movement in Holland, whose four daughters are Girl Guides, Queen Juliana was keenly interested in Girl Scouting in this country, particularly in the program for older girls. It was a pleasant surprise for their hostess and the Dutch officials when one of the Girl Scouts, who came to this country from Holland less than a year ago, answered questions in Dutch as well as English.

The Girl Scouts presented the Queen with a leather booklet containing a greeting to herself from the Girl Scouts of the U.S.A., and a greeting to the Girl Guides of Holland. The girls also gave the Queen nosegays of violets, and specially wrapped packages of Girl Scout cookies as gifts for the four Girl Guide princesses.

✿ In Chicago, another group of Girl Scouts had the pleasure of meeting the "First Lady" of Girl Scouting—Lady Olave Baden-Powell, World Chief Guide. At a tea given in her honor at the Girl Scout headquarters in Chicago, International Friendship Troop 203 served tea, and members of the Senior Girl Scout chorus sang during the party.

Council members, the consul-general of Great Britain in Chicago, and many other distinguished guests were fascinated by the Chief Guide's lively account of her travels about the world. Through her vivid descriptions they saw Girl Guiding and Scouting in many lands—Greece, Sweden, Africa, Australia—and learned something new and interesting about each one.

International Friendship Troop 203 includes girls from The Netherlands and France, as well as others of Japanese and Philippine ancestry. Lady Baden-Powell was greatly interested in their international activities, and especially in the scrapbook which they were making to send to their link troop in England.

✿ Even before the last examination paper has been handed in, Girl Scouts everywhere will be making plans for camping of one sort or another. In Paris, Texas, the girls have a very real part in planning their excellent camp program, which includes everything from day camping for Brownies to trip camps for Seniors.

Plans for the camp program are based on suggestions which are made by the girls themselves. At the various camp sessions, a girl representative is elected by each cabin, and these girls meet with the camp director daily to help plan activities. This elected group forms a junior camp committee which meets with the adult camp committee at various times during the year, to offer ideas and suggestions from the girls they represent.

Hikes, picnics, and field trips are part of the fun of the Brownie day camp, where six Seniors serve as Program Aids. Troop camping, for the Intermediates, gives the girls valuable experience in laying trails, planning kapers, meals, and activities of many kinds. Sleeping and cooking out of doors, field trips to a nearby wildlife sanctuary, and handicrafts are included in the established-camp program. For the older, experienced Scouts, trip camping in a covered wagon is an exciting adventure. And for six Seniors last year, an advanced camping trip to Robber Cave, near Wilburton, Oklahoma, where they cooked all meals out of doors, was such fun that they plan a longer trip this summer.

Colored movies taken during the camp sessions have been shown at various meet-

ings, to tell the community in general what camping means to the girls, and they have created much interest in the program.

✿ When Girl Scouts arrive at Camp Bonnie Brae this summer, old campers will show with pride, and new girls will admire, the new "green cathedral" which was a major project of the campers last year. The girls cut down trees and cleared a large area. Then a stone pulpit was built, and a fire circle and seats. When the cathedral was finished it was dedicated at a ceremony that was attended by clergymen of various faiths.

Through a junior camp committee, the girls at this established camp of the Springfield, Massachusetts, Girl Scout Association also help plan the program, just as do many other junior camp committees. During the camping season and through the year, the junior committee meets regularly with the adult camp committee, and the girls have helped to plan Bonnie Brae's excellent Mariner program, the pioneer outdoor living activities, and the counselor-in-training program.

✿ A "Dad-Daughter Fling" at Camp Maña, Nebraska, was so much fun that the Omaha Girl Scouts would like to make it an annual event.

Intermediate Scouts and their fathers enjoyed a wonderful day together, with games, dancing, and contests giving an opportunity for teamwork as well as friendly, but keen, competition. During the day, the fathers inspected the campsite, and saw at firsthand the value of the camp program to their Girl Scout daughters. When the party was over, everyone agreed that it had been one of the most successful events of the camping season.

✿ Work and fun make a fine combination when there are the right proportions of each. Girl Scouts of Marshalltown, Iowa, have combined the two in a program which

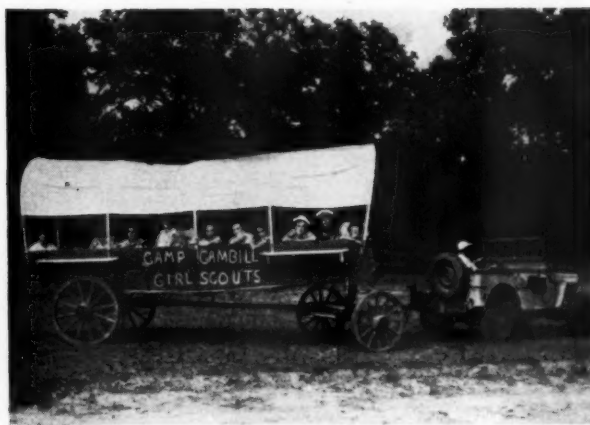


HEADLINES IN GIRL SCOUTING



Wide World Photo

Queen Juliana of The Netherlands holds the book of greetings from Girl Scouts of the U.S.A. at the reception in New York



Mallory's

The covered wagon which adds so much fun to the camp program of Paris, Texas, Girl Scouts. It can be drawn by horse or jeep

has expanded to take in activities they had not dreamed of when they planned the first outing at their new campsite.

Fun was the order of the day on their first trip. But they saw immediately that the site needed some good, hard work, and so they decided to have a work day on their next visit. As one work day lead to another, the girls cleared out and burned underbrush and weeds, cut down small trees, mowed and raked. Indoors they painted the kitchen cupboards and redecorated a room which they plan to use for parties.

These Scouts—all in junior high school—soon discovered that working together on a worthwhile, important project leads to new interests and activities. An "overnight," a radio broadcast, and a good-grooming course were some of these new activities. The good-grooming course led to an interest in ball-room dancing, and a course in that followed. So one activity has led to another, and the circle of the girls' interests has become an ever-widening one.

But the really important point about the whole thing, the girls think, is the fact that they have had the fun of planning their own program, and that their leaders, though always at hand to give advice and co-operation, have allowed them to carry the responsibility.

☘ "This camp now belongs to you, and becomes part of your fun and adventure in Girl Scouting." With these words, Miss Marjorie Kirk presented a deed to her personal camp to Miss Elizabeth Bass, president of a Tri-Council Camp board of trustees representing three Maine Girl Scout Councils—Central Maine, Somerset, and Waterville. Miss Kirk has been a member of the National Camping Committee of the Girl Scouts for many years. She was also the leader of the first troop of Indian Girl Scouts in the United States. (An interesting sidelight on this Indian troop is that it was

not formed, as most of us would guess, in the West, but on a large Indian reservation outside Syracuse, New York.)

Nearly three hundred Girl Scouts, council members, and friends attended the banquet in the Skowhegan high school at which Camp Merrywold was presented to the Maine Girl Scouts. As a memento of the occasion, Miss Kirk gave camp banners to three Senior Scouts from the three councils. The Girl Scouts, in appreciation of her fine gift, presented Miss Kirk with a travel clock. It was also announced, during the banquet, that the camp had been renamed Camp Kirkwold in her honor.

Girl Scouts of the area are looking forward eagerly to the good times they will enjoy at the camp. There are plans for established camping during the summer months, for troop camping on week ends, and for leaders' training sessions. There are plans, too, for family camping, so that Girl Scouts can enjoy with their families the excellent facilities for all kinds of outdoor activities, and for indoor games, dramatics, crafts, and nature work. The camp is set among groves of white birch and evergreens on a wide slope running down to the shores of Lovejoy Pond. From all of the sleeping cabins and tents there are wonderful views of woods and water, and the dining hall is a beautiful open structure from which the campers can look out over the treetops, far and away.

It sounds like a camper's dream-come-true, and their sister Scouts will wish the Maine girls much luck and many good times at Camp Kirkwold.

☘ "Kneel, when you light a fire," begins the lovely ceremony so often used by Girl Scouts when they kindle a campfire. And it is a wonderful and moving thing to see Girl Scouts who cannot kneel, except in spirit, enjoy campfires and outdoor living quite as much as their more active sisters.

Troop 24, in the Gaenslen Orthopaedic School in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, is such a group. It is an International Friendship troop of physically handicapped girls which is linked with a handicapped troop in the Philippines. It is the first troop of handicapped girls in the United States to be linked with a similar troop in another country.

On a campsite not far from the city, the whole troop has enjoyed day camping. At the opening flag ceremony the girls grouped around the American and Girl Scout World flags were in wheelchairs, leaned on crutches and canes, wore braces and casts. Each girl cooked part of her noonday meal over one of the outdoor fires that all had helped to build. After a rest period, when they sang and played guessing games, the girls had a short nature hike along a bridle path to finish a busy, happy day. Seven of the older girls from this troop later went troop camping with a group of Senior Scouts. During the three days and two nights, they took part in all the activities—cooking on tin-can stoves and over outdoor fires, going on short hikes, participating in camp fire ceremonies, and enjoying all the usual fun and responsibilities of camp living.

Many of the troop's activities, naturally, are concerned with international friendship. Letters, gifts, and scrapbooks are exchanged with their link troop in the Philippines. They have made a collection of phonograph recordings, made in Manila, of folk dances, songs, and instrumental recordings. At a tea which the troop gave for their sponsoring group, the girls played their Filipino records, read letters received from their link troop, and shared with their guests the many interesting things they had learned about the Philippines.

The troop is looking forward to an even more active program that will combine its two main interests—international friendship and camping.

THE END



Down to the Sea

by GRACE BARTLEY HALDY

Photos by William Leftwich

**Mariner Girl Scouts test
seafaring skills
and find adventure
on their Yankee cruise**

Their fine Mariner training made these girls feel right at home aboard ship

ALL HANDS ON the main halyard!" That was the command which galvanized the Mariner crew into action.

Slowly, slowly the large canvas of the mainsail made its way up the tall mast until the last inch was stretched taut against the bright sky. Next the jib was broken out. One by one the sails were raised, and the ship glided from City Island Harbor into Long Island Sound. The sixteen Girl Scout Mariners and their four leaders were off at last for a week's cruise aboard Captain Irving Johnson's world-famous brigantine *Yankee*.

At the order, "Finished with engine," the engines were stopped and a sudden hush fell over the ship. The only sounds the girls heard were the rush of water past the hull and the tuning up of that symphony of strange rustlings and creakings which accompanies a ship under sail.

It was beautiful music to the ears of the Maplewood, New Jersey, Mariners. For months they had been preparing themselves

for this adventure. They had welcomed any available job which would swell their cruising fund, including cooky selling, car washing, floor scrubbing, baby sitting. Their weekly Mariner meetings had been planned to cover the skills of sailing, charting, piloting, knot tying, compass, weather, aids to navigation, and kindred subjects which are so necessary and valuable to true sailors.

With this background, the Mariners easily fell into the *Yankee* routine and quickly succumbed to her particular spell. Originally designed for the Dutch Pilot Service in the North Sea, the *Yankee* has been available for Mariner cruises since 1936, when Olive McCormick Kilcarr and Ruth C. Osborn of the National Mariner Committee made the first arrangements. A clipper bow and a graceful outline make the *Yankee* a lovely sight to behold. Her ninety-six-foot length, twenty-one-and-a-half-foot beam and eleven-foot draft balance well against the lofty sail plan, and her high bulwarks and manageable mainsail

make her unusually adaptable to the needs of amateur sailors.

Equal opportunity to partake in the running of the *Yankee* was afforded to all the girls during the cruise which took them to Newport, Rhode Island, and back. The skipper and three mates, regular leaders of the troop, each had charge of a crew of four girls. Two-hour watches were rotated among the four crews. All shared the fun of sleeping in snug bunks; all shared the strange experience of eating from a table which



Sweet dreams for all good sailors in these snug bunks located below deck

Swabbing the deck was more fun than work for these crew members. Keeping the *Yankee* shipshape was a daily duty



never tilted with the heeling of the ship. (Being set in gimbals and heavily weighted at the bottom, the table stayed level, while the ship's movements might bring it up to chin level or down to lap level.)

Mariners went through the routine of "raising the anchor," working rhythmically with smooth teamwork to the tune of an old sea shanty as inch by inch the anchor chain rattled into the locker on the fore'sle. There was many an aching muscle for each foot of chain so tortuously raised, for every deck swabbed, but it was all part of the fun of this fabulous week when these Mariners lived, worked, played, talked, ate, and slept sailing.

The first evening at sea Captain Johnson decided to take advantage of the fine breeze and sail all night. The bow watch was cautioned to report all lights as soon as sighted and the helmsman warned to watch the dimly lighted compass with extreme care and to hold a steady course. The yeoman, with her familiar daylight landmarks gone, found her task of plotting courses on a chart, on a rolling deck by the light of a flashlight, very difficult. But even so, the Mariners rose to

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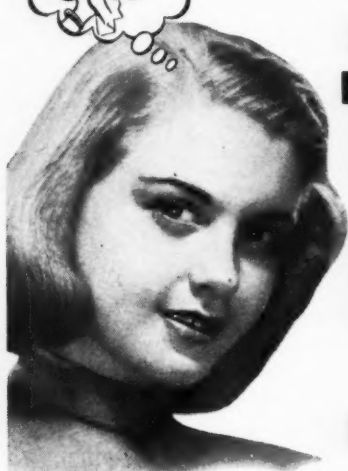
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the challenge and all was smooth sailing.

When the morning watch came blinking on deck they found that they were off Orient Point Light, near the tip of Long Island at the entrance to Plum Gut. By late afternoon the *Yankee* was threading her way through the narrow channel which leads into Great Salt Pond at Block Island. For most of the girls this was their first introduction to that hilly, treeless, windswept island where the next morning, looking crisp and smart in their blue Mariner uniforms, they went ashore to see the sights. Two bulging taxis took them first to Southeast Light. There the Coast Guard escorted them through this famous lighthouse which stands 201 feet above sea level, affording a magnificent view overlooking the steep clay cliffs. In Old Harbor, where the swordfish fleet ties up, they wandered around the docks and jetties admiring the unique-looking swordfishing craft. Upon their return to the ship, the dinghies were hauled up on the davits and sail set for an exhilarating sail across Block Island Sound to Newport, Rhode Island.

Project of the next day was a sight-seeing trip through this historic town. They saw the famed mansions along the Cliff Walk which offer such contrast to the quaint old seafaring homes, so lovely in their simplicity. When they came back to the center of town, word awaited them that they were to shove off right away for the trip homeward.

A spanking breeze sent the *Yankee* flying down the Sound with all sails set, past Point Judith, Rhode Island, and the adjacent Harbor of Refuge which offers safe anchorage for small and large craft alike when ugly storms make "Point Jude" so treacherous. They dropped the hook in quiet Stonington Harbor, Connecticut, for the night.

Bright and early the next morning they chartered a bus and drove to the Mystic Museum. Here the hands of the clock were turned back almost a century as the Mariners admired the curiosities of bygone whaling days, when ships sailed away from Stonington to be gone for as long as two years. Umbrellas with whalebone ribs, whalebone corset stays of great-grandmother's vintage, corroded harpoons and binnacles, ship models, logs telling of strange lands visited and exciting adventures at sea—all these were fascinating evidence of yarns they had read about this epoch in our seafaring history.

The sail that afternoon was one of the highlights of the cruise. A brisk wind had the *Yankee* well heeled over, and the girls were kept on their toes every minute, ready for Captain Johnson's "ready about" or "hard alee." An alert bow watch spied a school of porpoise ahead. These fish soon discovered the *Yankee* and amused all hands by swimming alongside, and under the ship from one side to the other, with greatest abandon. At Saybrook Light the *Yankee* tied up to the municipal dock for the night, and after a movie in the neighboring town of Essex and a two-mile hike back to the ship the weary Mariners turned into their bunks.

After what seemed like a brief nap, "Rise and shine" was called at four bells in the morning watch (6:00 A.M.). The *Yankee* was soon under way in its last lap. However, there was not much "shine" to the weather. So here at last was the experience of navigating in open waters in the fog! There were eager volunteers to pump the foghorn, a portable rectangular box which was perched on top of the teakwood potato bin on the port bow. The foghorn was sounded at two-

minute intervals. Tensely the Mariners waited for answering signals. Then through the gray gloom came the answering fog signal—a two-second blast every thirteen seconds. A little while later, the source of the blast, Cornfield Point Lightship, loomed up before them—her name painted in huge white letters on the side of the bright red hull. Everyone agreed these few hours of fog provided a real test of their seamanship.

By noon the sun burned through, hot and unrelenting. As the fog lifted rapidly the girls turned to the task of scrubbing the decks. Barefoot, dressed in their work dungarees or shorts, they laid to with scrubbing brushes and pails. Handmade canvas water buckets were dipped over the side to supplement the salt water pumped through the hose. The whole crew, male and female, whooped with glee when one of the mates, demonstrating the proper way to dunk a water bucket, inadvertently lost hers overboard. She was promptly informed that such serious loss must be replaced by the culprit.

Thus started a sewing circle, the like of which the *Yankee* had probably never seen before. Those who were not making water buckets were busy tying square knots.

The beautiful weather held through Sunday, when the *Yankee*, trim and sparkling under the hot sun, glided into Port Jefferson Harbor on Long Island. It was a perfect time for a swim, so as soon as the anchor was down the mermaids were in the water putting on their own version of an aquacade. For dessert that night a gallon of ice cream lent the final festive touch to a happy day.

Early next morning uniforms were donned for the all-too-short sail to City Island Dock. There friends and families were eagerly awaiting their seagoing voyagers. Sea bags were hoisted over the side as the girls said their last good-bys to their *Yankee* friends.

During this coming summer of 1952, two hundred Girl Scout Mariners are to have the privilege of sailing aboard the *Yankee*. Ten different councils, in a wide geographic range, will each charter the ship for a week's cruise. The starting points will alternate between City Island, New York, and New Bedford, Massachusetts. One group plans to add an international flavor by sailing to Nova Scotia, Canada. But whatever their course or final harbor, all Mariners look forward with high hearts to the moment when "All Aboard" calls them to white sails and sparkling seas!

THE END

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FEATURED ON PAGE 26

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 Sizes ☐ 11 ☐ 13 ☐ 15 ☐ 17
- ☐ 9112—Dress with Petticoat
 Sizes ☐ 10 ☐ 12 ☐ 14 ☐ 16
- ☐ 9222—Dress with Scalloped Neck
 Sizes ☐ 11 ☐ 13 ☐ 15 ☐ 17
- ☐ 4793—Four-Piece Outfit
 Sizes ☐ 11 ☐ 13 ☐ 15 ☐ 17

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Consult TV section of your local newspaper for time and station.

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SPEAKING OF MOVIES

by BERTHA JANCKE LUECK



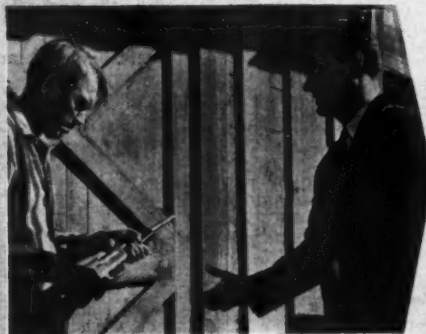
ABOUT FACE—A merry, tuneful, romantic comedy, sparked with some dance routines that are tops, about three cadets at a military institute. With Eddie Bracken, Gordon MacRae, and Dick Wesson heading the cast, there is plenty of fun as the three young officers struggle to make their grades for graduation. Not the least of the troubles and complications in their affairs are their girl friends, Betty Long, Lorna Carter, and Alice Wheatley. A Technicolor production. (Warner)



THE GIRL IN WHITE—A warmly human, dramatic picture that tells the story of Dr. Emily Dunning Barringer (June Allyson) first woman doctor appointed to the staff of Gouverneur Hospital, in New York City. In the colorful period of the Gay Nineties, Emily Dunning fought her hard personal battle against the bitter masculine prejudice of the hospital staff, and of society in general. It is a tense, moving story of a woman's fight to gain recognition in the field of medicine. (M-G-M)



BRONCO BUSTER—A series of thrilling rodeo shows, photographed in Technicolor, are the background for this picture. If you enjoy the rodeo, you'll not want to miss this. Casey Tibbs, champion bronco buster, is in the cast, which is headed by John Lund, Scott Brady, and Joyce Holden. As a conceited newcomer, Brady tries to supplant Lund not only in the rodeo, but in the affections of Joyce. There is exciting action before he finally learns the code of the rodeo. (Univ.-Int'l)



CARBINE WILLIAMS—The story of David Marshall Williams, inventor of the carbine rifle, is truth that is stranger than fiction. Williams is brilliantly portrayed by James Stewart, and the events leading up to his imprisonment for murder and his invention of the famous weapon are packed with drama. Jean Hagen, as the wife who believes in him, and Wendell Corey, as the prison superintendent who understands and helps him, are also excellent. You won't want to miss this picture. (M-G-M)

The Human-Interest Angle

(Continued from page 11)

sighed and shook her head. "Some of them are a queer lot. But nowadays you have to take any Tom, Dick, or Harry who comes along to get the hay in."

A short walk brought them to the hayfield. Several men were grouped about a wagon, tossing forkfuls of hay up to a man who stood atop the load. It was a picturesque scene, alive with human interest, as Kay was quick to appreciate.

"That's Johnny's father settling the load," said Mrs. Makepeace, nodding to the man on the wagon. She called to him and explained the girls' project.

Mr. Makepeace and the men were pleased with the idea and posed willingly near the load of hay. But one young man, who stood away from the others on the far side of the load, was obviously not picture-minded. He pulled his hat over his eyes and leaned back into the shadow of the wagon.

"Come forward a little," said Kay, beckoning to him.

Her only answer was an unpleasant growl. Kay gave him a startled glance and saw a pair of dark eyes glowering at her from beneath the hat brim.

"Don't mind him," whispered Mrs. Makepeace. "He's a queer one."

Kay took the advice and snapped her picture, with the young man well concealed in the shadows.

"What's the matter with him?" asked Kay, as she and Ronnie followed Mrs. Makepeace.

Mrs. Makepeace sighed. "He's one of those fly-by-night hired men I was telling you about. He works hard enough—when he works. But he's always taking time off, and what can you do? It's like I said—any Tom, Dick, or Harry these days."

The girls lost interest in the surly young man long before Mrs. Makepeace finished talking about him. It was an hour before they could tear themselves away from her conversation and hospitality.

"I wish all mothers were like Johnny's," said Ronnie, as they climbed into the bus. "No wonder he misses being at home."

Kay nodded agreement. "Only one more family. We'll do the Baretts tomorrow. I must say it has taken longer than I thought."

Russell Street was bustling with activity when the girls arrived there the next afternoon. Small shops lined both sides of the block, and the sidewalks were crowded with a mixture of shoppers and children. It was not hard to find the Baretts. The name was emblazoned in bold gold letters on an awning over a fruit stand. Mrs. Baretti, a stout Italian woman, presided over the stand with the air of a general, waiting on customers, keeping an eye on the young helpers, and making change.

While Kay waited for a chance to explain her errand she took a picture of the teeming street. It was certainly a scene that little Tony Baretti would find familiar. When she finally succeeded in getting Mrs. Baretti's attention, the woman answered with a vigorous nod. Kay got a good shot of Mrs. Baretti in action, holding out a handful of peaches to a prospective customer.

Just as she snapped the picture a hoarse cry sounded above the babble of the street. It came from somewhere behind Kay and she whirled around quickly. Directly across the street was a pawnshop, its three golden

balls glinting in the sun. A man with a handkerchief over his face leaped from the door of the shop. His coat caught on the iron rail, yanking him to a halt. As he paused to free himself, the handkerchief slipped from his face.

In that split second Ronnie, who was just behind Kay, got the full import of what was happening and let out an ear-splitting shriek. Kay, still holding the camera before her in both hands, started violently.

The next moment the man disappeared in the crowd which had collected almost instantaneously about the pawnshop. In the confusion, the shouting and the excitement, no one had the wits to try to detain him.

Ronnie clutched Kay's arm. "L-let's get out of here," she gasped.

Kay was only too ready to leave. The girls slipped away under cover of the general turmoil and soon reached the relative quiet of a side street.

"Whew!" said Kay, her voice shaking. "That was a holdup!"

From the direction of Russell Street came the long thin wail of a police siren.

"Police and all," said Ronnie, quickening her steps. "I hope they catch him. But I bet no one really saw him. He moved so fast."

Kay shook her head. "I saw his face just for a second, but I was too scared to take it in. But somehow—" She stopped and frowned in a puzzled way.

"Somehow what?" demanded Ronnie.

"I don't know," said Kay. "I thought of something a minute ago but I can't remember it now. It doesn't matter. The important thing is we've finished the pictures. If we take them to be developed now, we'll get them tomorrow afternoon. Then we can get the album ready in time for the children day after tomorrow when we go to the ward."

Late the following afternoon Kay picked up the pictures. She looked them over hastily on her way home. Most of them had come out well. The enterprise had turned out better than she expected, considering her inexperience as a photographer.

That evening after supper she and Ronnie pasted the pictures into the album. They were so anxious to have it ready for the next day that they scarcely bothered to study each individual picture.

"We'll give a page to each child," said Kay, pasting busily.

Ronnie slapped a photograph on a page and wiped away the surplus paste. "Did you see the paper this afternoon?" she asked. "The police are still looking for the man who committed that Russell Street robbery."

"I'm glad we didn't stick around until the police came," said Kay. "Mother was wild when I told her about it, and she would hate to have us questioned by the police. Not that we would have been much help. I wish I—" She stopped and shook her head.

An hour later Kay patted the completed album with a sigh of satisfaction.

"I hope the children like it," said Ronnie. "After all the work—and practically danger—we went through."

"They will," said Kay. "Wait and see."

She was right. The next day the album was greeted with joy that amply repaid the girls for the hours they had given the project.

Kay and Ronnie were kept busy answering the eager questions about the visits they had made to each family. Johnny Makepeace wanted a detailed account of every minute they had spent on the farm. While Kay was

telling him about the new kittens, Ronnie came for the album.

"Tony Baretti wants to see his pictures," she said and carried the book to the little Italian boy in the next bed.

A moment later Kay followed Ronnie, and the two girls bent over Tony.

"Hey," said Tony, jabbing a finger at the picture of the fruit stand. "What's old man Willet's pawnshop doing over Ma's stand? Look at that feller standing under the three gold balls right next to Ma. I don't get it." He held the album out to Kay.

Kay stared at the picture, which she had not taken time to study carefully until now. Tony was right. The three golden balls hung over the fruit stand and a man's face peered over Mrs. Baretti's shoulder. He hadn't been there when Kay took the picture, and the golden balls had been in their proper place across the street.

Ronnie looked over Kay's shoulder and with her usual directness came straight to the point. "Double exposure," she said. "You took another picture over the fruit stand one. What happened?"

Something clicked in Kay's memory. "It was that yell you gave!" she said, her eyes sparkling. "What a break! Now I remember, and it's proof—good picture proof."

Even as she spoke she was running toward the door with the album in her hands. Ronnie, her curiosity aroused, ran after her friend. She found her in the telephone booth.

Almost breathless with suppressed emotion, Kay waved for Ronnie to be quiet as she spoke into the mouthpiece. "Police station?" she said, her voice high with excitement. "This is Kay Allen at Crestwood Hospital. I have a picture I want to show you. No, I'm not trying to be funny. It's a picture of that Russell Street thief and I . . . No, no, of course I won't go away."

She hung up the receiver with a click and stepped out of the booth. "We're going to lead the police straight to that holdup man," she exulted.

Ronnie was staring at her with round eyes. "Don't you get it?" Kay asked. "When I jumped as you yelled, my fingers must have snapped the shutter of the camera I was still holding in my hand. By accident I took a picture of the robber right over the one of Mrs. Baretti."

"Kay, you're wonderful!" Ronnie murmured in awe.

"And," Kay continued with enormous satisfaction, "I can tell the police right where to find him."

Ronnie gulped.

"I knew there was something about that robber that reminded me of someone. I only got a glimpse of him, but he shows up plainly in the picture. Don't you remember the man on the Makepeace farm who didn't want his picture taken? Remember how Mrs. Makepeace said he was always taking time off? He took time off that afternoon all right. It's the same man. Remember his eyes?"

"Why, of course," Ronnie agreed excitedly. "It's the same one! I remember him, too."

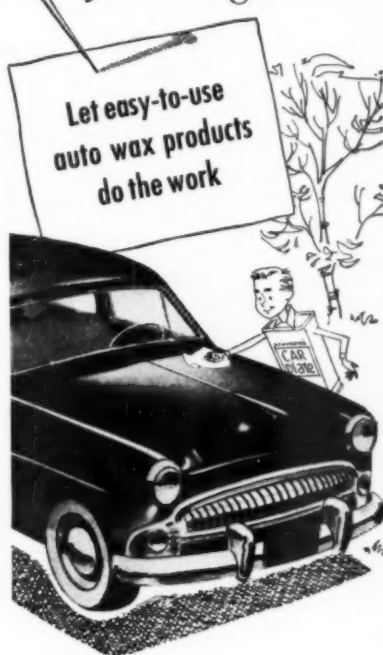
"He's probably responsible for all this housebreaking too," Kay deduced, her voice quick and thrilled. "He's been hiding out there on the farm and coming in to town now and then, just long enough to carry out a speedy robbery."

She gave the dazed Ronnie a little hug. "Didn't I tell you," she said laughing, "that the human-interest angle was important?"

THE END

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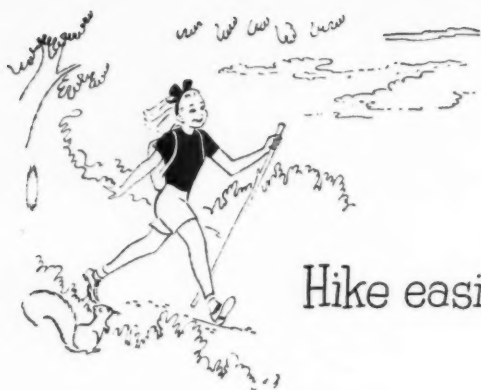
Girl Scouts! If you're working for your Handywoman Badge, these booklets are full of useful ideas.

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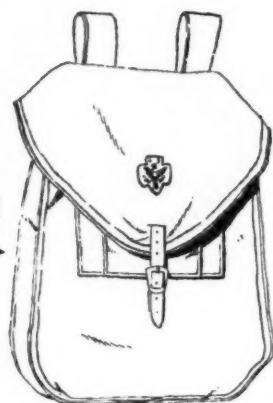
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Jokes

HORRORS!

CUSTOMER: Why do you have only magazines with stories of murders, mysteries, and ghosts on your table?

BARBER: Well, when the customers' hair stands on end, it's easier to cut.

Sent by SUE ANNE BIMSON, Barnet, Vermont

THAT IS THE QUESTION!

A professor, annoyed by his clock-watching students, covered the face of the clock with this sign:

Time Will Pass—Will You?

Sent by NINA FROSELL, Chicago, Illinois

"TO PUT IT BRIEFLY—"

FLORIST: You want to say it with flowers, sir? How about three dozen roses?

CUSTOMER: Make it half a dozen. I'm a man of few words.

Sent by SANDRA DEVOE, Los Angeles, California

SMART GIRL

MOTHER: Don't you think you're being extravagant, putting both butter and jam on that piece of bread?

BARBARA: No, Mother, I think I'm being very economical. The same slice does for both.

Sent by DOREEN ZEEK, Effingham, Kansas

WATCH IT, BROTHER!

JANICE: Am I the only girl you've ever taken to a dance?

JOE: Absolutely—and the prettiest one, too!

Sent by GLORIA LEE BURKE, Hancock, Maryland

AND IN GOOD CONDITION

PARATROOP TRAINEE: What if the 'chute doesn't open?

INSTRUCTOR: Return it to the supply sergeant.

Sent by MARY PURCELL, Berlin, New Hampshire

"OPEN UP THOSE GOLDEN GATES"

A small boy was having his first ride in an elevator of a skyscraper building. As the car shot up thirty stories at breathtaking speed he asked timidly:

"Daddy, do the angels know we're coming?"

Sent by BOBBIE LOU STOUT, Ramsour, North Carolina

PERFECT DESCRIPTION

A sign on a kennel which sold dachshunds read:

GET A LONG LITTLE DOGGIE

Sent by PEGGY SABO, Trenton, New Jersey

SAD STORY

VERA: Why is "e" the most unfortunate letter in the alphabet?

VAN: I don't know.

VERA: Because it is never in cash; always in debt; and never out of danger.

Sent by MARY JOYCE BAKER, Rockford, Iowa

NAME THEM BACKWARDS, TOO

SHEILA: Can you name four days of the week without mentioning Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, or Thursday?

LURA: No. Can you?

SHEILA: Sure. Day before yesterday, yesterday, today, tomorrow.

Sent by WILMA BRYANT, Sulphur, Kentucky

NOW YOU TELL ONE!

NORTHERNER: The Maine winters are so cold, we have to put heaters under the cows so we can milk them.

SOUTHERNER: That's nothing. The Texas summers are so hot we have to feed the hens ice to keep them from laying hard-boiled eggs.

Sent by ELAINE NEUSSENDER, Pontiac, Michigan

The American Girl will pay \$1.00 for every joke printed on this page. Send your best jokes to THE AMERICAN GIRL, 155 East 44th St., New York 17, New York. Be sure to include your name, address, age, and write in ink or on the typewriter.



"Bill Bentz is going to treat me to a movie tomorrow, if he can get an advance on his allowance for the week following the week after next."

Complexion Hints

by Gina Farley



Do you wish that you, too, could hide behind a veil when your face breaks out in "spots"? Then it may cheer you up to learn that many blemishes have an external cause. Often they come from plain everyday carelessness in the way you cleanse your complexion.



Good times and jolly friendships are far more likely to come to a girl who keeps her skin looking naturally lovely. Haven't you noticed that? So if you learn to take complexion care seriously, those horrid, embarrassing "spots" may turn out to be a blessing in disguise.



Big news in skin care is "creamwashing" with medicated Noxzema. This is the first step in the Beauty Routine developed by a noted skin doctor. Try it! You'll see how completely it washes away dirt and grime. How fresh and clean your "cream-washed" face looks in your mirror.

Easy as falling off a log! Apply Noxzema to face and neck; then with cloth wrung out in warm water, "cream-wash" with Noxzema, instead of using soap. No dry, drawn feeling! Always pat a little extra Noxzema over any externally-caused blemishes to help heal them—fast!



A thrifty many-purpose beauty cream! Let medicated Noxzema help keep your hands, elbows, ankles looking smooth and pretty. Use it for cool, fast relief from sunburn, too! It's greaseless; doesn't stain.

Get Noxzema today, 40¢, 60¢, or \$1.00 plus tax at any drug or cosmetic counter.

In September, just after my fifteenth birthday, Peg and I went down to the bay for the last time, promising to return the following summer. Then Mom and Dad and Pete and I had our last picnic on Crystal Cove. I remember standing beside Mom and Dad for a long time, looking out over the water sparkling with the glow of the setting sun. Secretly I wished that we never had to leave the peace and security of Crystal Cove.

The next summer we went back to the cove as usual, but somehow it wasn't the same. Everything seemed to have changed; there were dates and parties, and instead of just watching the older kids dance on the dock, we were the older kids. Peg and I were always busy playing tennis or walking with Bert and Randy, so there was seldom time for picnics with Mom and Dad and Pete. I guess I was too busy to notice or miss the fun we all used to have together, and the summer flew by with very few trips to the cove.

But then, one cool day in September, as I was coming home from the Center by myself, I decided to walk past the tip of the cove. By the time I reached it dark clouds had gathered overhead, making the usually calm sea dark and choppy. The breeze blowing across the sand carried with it a thin veil of mist, making the sea gulls walking along the water's edge barely visible. The beach was desolate except for a little red-haired girl and a man and a woman who were hurriedly packing a lunch basket. Presently the three walked off, and I watched them until they were mere specks on the sand. Suddenly I wished things were as they used to be before I was too old or too busy for family picnics, and I envied the little girl with her many years of precious childhood stretched before her. Then the rain began falling, so I turned and walked away from the sea and Crystal Cove with an ache and a longing for what I had lost.

PAULINE MURTAGH (age 15) Medford, Massachusetts

Water

Poetry Award

Water is beautiful as you look at the scene of a cool blue mountain lake.

Water is frightening as the rain pours down in torrents and the sky turns black.

Water is delicious as you are hot and you drink to quench your thirst.

Water is intriguing as the dangerous waterfall splashes against the rocks.

Water is refreshing as you dive and swim in the cool water of early evening.

Water is lovely as the early dew falls on the radiant flowers and the soft grass.

Water is delightful as the warm water of a bath relaxes you.

Water is terrifying as the treacherous whitecaps bob up and down in the dark blue sea.

Water is cruel as a young boy's mother scrubs his face and ears.

BARBARA LEE CROUT (age 13) Baltimore, Maryland

Just a Memory

Nonfiction Award

It was warm the night I met him, warm like all the other nights on the boardwalk in August. I was standing at the Turf, watching the races and listening to the juke. He seemed at first like all the others who had passed that evening and the many evenings before. He was tall, with medium-brown wavy hair and blue eyes. That night he wore a skullcap with his name, Larry, written across it in blue. Our crowd joined his, and it seemed only natural for us to be riding the bumper-cars together about five minutes later. It didn't take long to find out that they were high school seniors from Louisiana on vacation and that they were leaving the next day.

We played a game of carpet golf. Larry and I were partners. We lost, but it was fun. They walked us home because it was late. They were our alibis.

On the beach the next day Larry promised to write me. I like to think he lost the address. He never wrote. I guess that Larry Seal will always be just a pleasant memory.

AMELIA BRYAN (age 16) Gainesville, Florida

HONORABLE MENTION

ART: Jovita Hamill (age 14) St. Louis, Mo. Billie Horta (age 13) Atwater, Calif.

POETRY: Nora Larke (age 14) Leonia, N. J.; Shirley Mekeel (age 14) De Witt, Iowa; Janice Pasero (age 12) Paris, Ill.

FICTION: Debbie Hill (age 15) Toledo, Ohio; Marjorie Kohler (age 16) Kankakee, Ill.

NONFICTION: Judith Marcia Atkins (age 11) New York, N. Y.; Sandra Jacklin (age 17) Chilli-cothe, Mo.; Marjory Young (age 13) Brooklyn, N. Y.

WHERE TO BUY AMERICAN GIRL FASHIONS

Our JUNE COVER BATHING SUIT may be purchased at these stores

Baltimore, Md.	The May Co.
Birmingham, Ala.	Loveman's
Boston, Mass.	Jordan Marsh Co.
Brooklyn, N. Y.	Abraham & Straus
Chicago, Illinois	Mandel Bros.
Columbus, Ohio	F. & R. Lazarus & Co.
Detroit, Michigan	Hudson's
Houston, Texas	Foley's
Indianapolis, Ind.	L. S. Ayres & Co.
Jamaica, N. Y.	Geritz
Kansas City, Mo.	Macy's, Kansas City
Long Beach, Calif.	Buffum's
Los Angeles, Calif.	Bullock's Downtown
Memphis, Tenn.	Goldsmith's
Miami, Fla.	Burdine's, Inc.
Minneapolis, Minn.	The Dayton Co.
New Orleans, La.	Maison Blanche
New York, N. Y.	Macy's New York
Richmond, Va.	Thalhimer's
St. Louis, Mo.	Famous-Barr Co.
Washington, D. C.	The Hecht Co.

The PRIZE PURCHASE outfit on page 21 may be purchased at these stores

Albany, N. Y.	W. M. Whitney & Co.
Boston, Mass.	Filene's
Chicago, Illinois	Mandel Bros.
Cleveland, Ohio	The Higbee Co.
Columbus, Ohio	F. & R. Lazarus & Co.
Detroit, Mich.	Hudson's
Indianapolis, Ind.	L. S. Ayres & Co.
Los Angeles, Calif.	The May Co.
New York, N. Y.	Gimbel's
Pittsburgh, Pa.	Kaufmann's
St. Louis, Mo.	Famous-Barr Co.
Washington, D. C.	The Hecht Co.

What Goes On In There

Fiction Award

Our story opens in the mouth of any boy who doesn't brush his teeth.

Eddie Enamel hollers across the palate. "Hi! You're new, aren't you? What's your name?" "Who? Me? I'm Mike Molar. New? I've been here for two weeks and that boy hasn't touched me with his toothbrush yet!"

"Oh, we're used to that!" exclaims sophisticated Pearl White.

"If he'd brush us after every meal and at bedtime, we wouldn't have so many aches and pains ourselves," adds Eddie Enamel.

The conversation continues, and by the sound of things Mike isn't going to enjoy his new life.

Mike looks around and discovers many empty places where teeth should be.

Pearl White speaks, "I hate to think that what happened to Bud Bicuspid just might happen to one of us."

"What?" exclaims Mike excitedly.

"He was extracted," sorrowfully mourns Denny Dentine.

"Oh, that's too bad," says Mike Molar.

"That boy doesn't eat enough healthy foods such as fruits, vegetables and meats," says Pearl White.

"Oh, and don't forget milk and water," adds Eddie Enamel.

Listening very attentively, Gwen Gums adds, "He never massages us. In fact he very seldom touches us!"

"I do wish he'd stop sucking his thumb. It's so dirty and annoying," replies one of the incisors.

"Pretty soon we'll be protruding over his lip," replies another.

"Yes, and that will mean more dental work." "Remember that one time when we visited the dentist?" asks Eddie.

"Yes," giggles Pearl White, "he fixed a big cavity in you, but it hurt you as much as it did the boy."

"Just think of all the trouble that could have been avoided if that boy would have taken care of his teeth!" chorused the rest.

(Any similarity between actual teeth, living or dead, is purely coincidental.)

NANCY TOWNSEND (age 13) Ebensburg, Pennsylvania

Pickle

Nonfiction Award

My name is Pickle. Not a real pickle, just my name is Pickle. Really I am a horse. Of course, I'm the loveliest horse at the stables, only my color. It's sort of pink but not exactly. Maybe it's like a palomino, but it's not that either. You might call me a pink palomino if you like. In any case I have lovely blue-brown eyes. One is blue and the other is brown. No, it's hazel. Anyway I have a gorgeous mane and tail. My tail is blue and my mane is pink. Sometimes I take part in a big charge. Other times I ride gently around the farm. Sometimes I'm even a bucking bronco. My favorite, however, is when I stand in the stall munching my oats. Once in a while I do tricks. My favorite is the "End of the Trail."

Now I have given you my description and told you what I do, so I will tell you my secret. I am only a toy.

GRACE GEIST (age 11) Forest Hills, New York

Our Musical Cat

Poetry Award

*Musical children—what of that?
We have in our house
A musical cat
Who lies near the piano
While the rest of us play,
And seems to be learning
A lesson a day.
Then sometimes at night,
When we're fast asleep,
She jumps to the keyboard
With all her four feet.
She sweeps up arpeggio
And runs down the scale,
And lacking five fingers
She uses her tail
To beat out a tune,
That sounds very weird
By the light of the moon!
We do save on lessons,
There's never a bill;
For why should puss bother
With such feline skill?*

LINDA BRANDENBURGER (age 13) Sacramento, California

Bush Fires

Nonfiction Award

I am thirteen years old and my home is in State College, in Pennsylvania. I came to Australia with my family in September for nine months. I am living in a suburb of Sydney called Killara.

While in many parts of the United States the snow is falling deep and it is cold, it is just the opposite in Australia. At this time of year Australia is suffering from one of the worst heat waves since the late thirties. Only one or two showers have fallen in three months.

The bush fires have been very serious. Most of them have occurred in the eastern part of Australia (Victoria, New South Wales, and Queensland). Acres of valuable land, homes, cattle, and sheep have been lost in the fires.

Several months ago you could go ten or fifteen miles out of Sydney and see some lovely Australian bush, with the tall eucalyptus trees nearly touching the sky and the wild flowers growing here and there; but now you could drive on the same road and many others and all you could see is the burnt, black land on either side of the road. Because the bush nearly surrounds the city, many of the fires have come right up to the suburbs. From a classroom window on the second floor of my school building a couple of weeks ago, you could sometimes see billows of smoke and tongues of flame rising through the trees half a mile away.

Last week, coming home from the beach with some of my friends, I saw for the first time close up a large, raging bush fire. We were traveling by car, and the flames were right next to the road. We passed through just in time; when we reached the top of the hill we stopped the car and got out. We looked behind us, and the flames were leaping the road.

Other cars had stopped for the danger was too great to take any chances. The fire traveled fast for by the time we had piled quickly into the car and were ready to go, the flames were not far behind us.

IVY JANE SUTHERLAND (age 13) Sydney, Australia



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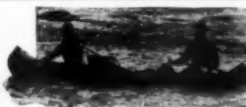
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That Cried

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Since Jesus Came Into My Heart



Trust On Me Jesus Keep Me Near
The Cross So Softly and Tenderly
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The Moldau River

Nonfiction Award

Deep in a Bohemian forest lay two brooklets—one cool and clear, the other warm. The cool and warm brooklets join, creating a small mist.

Then as a brook it runs on through the forest. A hunter blows his horn as he seeks his prey. At length we hear the music of a peasant wedding march. It is gay and colorful. At night the river flows where moonbeams shine down upon the graceful dancing nymphs. The nymphs dance in front of a castle. The castle's crumbling walls tell of ancient glory. The great river goes on to the capital of Prague.

Smetana wrote about this river to tell the love and pride for his Fatherland—Bohemia. JEAN LOUTH (age 10) Wichita, Kansas

Rules for BY YOU Entries

HAVE YOU SENT an entry yet for your own Contributors' Department?

Readers under eighteen years of age may send contributions to this department. Only original material, never before published anywhere, should be submitted.

"Original" means that in all contributions the idea, and the drawing or words which express that idea, must be entirely the sender's. Contributions must not be copied in any way from the work of another person.

Short Stories: Any subject that will appeal to teen-agers. Not over 800 words.

Poems: Any subject—two to twenty-five lines.

Nonfiction: Description, biographical or human-interest sketch, episode from real life. Not over 400 words. Suggested for October, 1952—AUTUMN.

Drawings: Any subject. Black-and-White only, on stiff drawing paper or poster board; may be done in pencil, black writing ink, India ink, charcoal, tempera, or wash. Not smaller than 5"x7". WARNING: Wrap carefully!

Photographs: Any subject. Black and white only. No smaller than 2 1/4" by 2 1/4". Wrap carefully, as damaged photographs will not be considered.

RULES

1. Entries for the October, 1952, issue must be mailed on or before July 1, 1952. Entries will be considered only for the one issue of the magazine for which they are submitted.
2. On the upper half of the first page of all manuscripts—or on a sheet attached to drawings and photographs—there must be written: The name, address, and age of sender. Her troop number if she is a Girl Scout. The number of words in the piece submitted. The following endorsement, signed by parent, teacher, or guardian: "I have seen this contribution and am convinced that it is the original idea and work of the sender."
3. Manuscripts must be typewritten or neatly written in ink, on one side of the paper only.
4. Ages of the contributors will be considered in judging, and the decision of the judges is final. A contributor may send only one entry a month—not one of each kind, but only one.
5. All manuscripts, drawings, and photographs submitted become the property of THE AMERICAN GIRL Magazine and cannot be acknowledged or returned. THE AMERICAN GIRL reserves the right to cut and edit manuscripts when necessary.

AWARDS

First awards, \$10; all others, \$5. Each month a list of Honorable Mention contributions is printed. No awards are made for these. Send entries to: "By You" Dept. Editor The American Girl Magazine 155 East 44th St., New York 17, N.Y.

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